THRO' THE YEAR WITH

Kipling

823.89
K57t

BROWN AND COMPANY

ALBRIGHT COLLEGE
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY
Mrs. Jack Sartz

THRO' THE YEAR WITH KIPLING

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/throyearwithkipl0000vari

Thro' the Year with Kipling

Being a Year-Book of Selections from the Earlier Works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

ALBRIGHT COLLEGE LIBRARY RELEASED BY

"It 's all in the day's work"
Kipling: "Thrown Away"

THIRD EDITION

BOSTON
BROWN AND COMPANY
154 PEARL STREET
M DCCC XCIX

Copyright, 1898
By Brown and Company

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

823.89
K57t

82995

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book furnishes a quotation from Kipling for each day in the year. The editor believes there is no similar compilation in the market. After completing his task he has learned, indeed, that a Kipling *Birthday Book* is on the catalogue of a prominent publisher, but he has not himself seen it. Its purpose must necessarily be different from the present one, for a birthday book aims to present a series of pleasant mottoes appropriate to anniversaries, while a year-book, free from any such restriction, aims at giving a series of suggestive thoughts for daily reading. Many of these bits from Kipling are far from pleasant; they are, however, stimulating, sensible, and true to experience. It should be remembered that the "laureate of the greater Britain" is as much humorist as he is philosopher and bard. His satire is never unkind, but it is often stinging. To omit everything from this collection except pretty paragraphs and verses of compliment would be to present a Rudyard Kipling very untrue to life.

Introduction

For Kipling, of all authors, must be represented adequately if at all; he is not only the most popular of living writers who use the English tongue, he is also the most versatile. Perhaps his principal claim to serious regard is his extraordinary range. Few authors have attained distinguished success in both poetry and prose fiction, but Mr. Kipling has done more than this. His prose fiction itself may be divided into at least ten departments, in each of which he has been notably successful: Novels; Mystery Tales (as *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, etc.); Stories about Children (of which *Wee Willie Winkie* may stand as a type); Humorous Tales (the Mulvaney group, *My Sunday at Home*, etc.); Military Tales (*Drums of the Fore and Aft*, the *Mutiny of the Mavericks*, etc.); Jungle Tales (Mowgli and Beast-Fable group); Sea Tales (*Captains Courageous*, the *Devil and the Deep Sea*, etc.); Studies in Native Life and Character (*Lispeth*, etc.); Scientific and Sporting Tales (*The Bridge Builders*, *The Ship that Found Herself*, *The Maltese Cat*); Society Tales (the *Story of the Gadsbys*, *Under the Deoddrs*).

Rudyard Kipling is still a young man. Born in Bombay, India, on December 30, 1865, his school days were passed in England. His father, Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, is an accomplished artist and clever writer. At seventeen, Rudyard returned to India and entered on a journalistic career as assistant editor of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*. Several years of

drudgery in a newspaper office furnished, perhaps, the best experience Kipling could have had. Mr. E. Kay Robinson, formerly editor of the *Gazette*, wrote regarding him in *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1896: "My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the office work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal wagon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he 'll drag that wagon along as it ought to go. The amount of 'stuff' that Kipling got through in the day was indeed wonderful: and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left, and the staff grew with the paper's prosperity, I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after."

Kipling's subsequent history is known to everybody. It is mainly that of a man of letters turning out book after book in rapid succession. The young journalist had contributed many tales and poems, the latter chiefly satirical, to his own and other Indian papers. These caught the fancy of the Anglo-Indian public and were very widely quoted. In 1886, a small book of verse met with a cordial reception, and with the publication of *The Plain Tales from the Hills* in 1888 came fame. The history of literature presents nothing more astonishing than the writing of such a book by a youth barely

come of age. The *Plain Tales* disputes with the *Jungle Books* and *The Seven Seas* the claim of being Kipling's masterpiece.

In 1889, Kipling went to England and shortly afterward settled in the United States. He built a home in Brattleboro', Vermont, and married a sister of Wolcott Balestier, with whom he collaborated *The Naulahka*. Subsequently he left America to explore every coast of the seven seas, with headquarters in Great Britain. His is the restless spirit of genius.

A series of animal fables, quite unlike anything in literature, were produced in 1894 and 1895, and revealed an entirely new side of Kipling's personality. In 1897 *Captains Courageous*, the author's longest sustained narrative, dealt with the lives of Gloucester fishermen.

Mr. Kipling's essays in rhyme have shown a curious evolution. Jingle, verse, poetry, — this is about the order of progression in his three books: *Departmental Ditties*, *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *The Seven Seas*. The first is catchy and musical, the second clever, the third magnificent.

While, as I have said, any book of selections from Kipling should represent all sides of his genius, it need not represent all periods of the novelist's growth at once. In the present compilation I have confined myself chiefly to Kipling's early books, adding from his later writings only a few widely known poems, notably the *Recessional* and *The Vampire*.

Thro' the Year with Kipling

January 1.

GOD of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Recessional.

January 2.

HE fell to work, whistling softly, and was swallowed up in the clean, clear joy of creation, which does not come to man too often, lest he should consider himself the equal of his God and so refuse to die at the appointed time.

The Light that Failed.

January 3.

YOU sometimes see a woman who would have made a Joan of Arc in another century and climate, threshing herself to pieces over all the mean worry of housekeeping.

Watches of the Night.

January 4.

BECAUSE the city gave him of her gold,
Because the caravans brought turquoises,
Because his life was sheltered by the King,
So that no man should maim him, none should steal,
Or break his rest with babble in the streets
When he was weary after toil, he made
An image of his God in gold and pearl,
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar
And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with pride,
Because the city bowed to him for God,
He wrote above the shrine: "*Thus Gods are made,*
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."
And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

Evarra and His Gods.

January 5.

EVERY man is entitled to his own religious opinions; but no man — least of all a junior — has a right to thrust these down other men's throats.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.

January 6.

EARNEST, narrow men,
But chiefly earnest, and they 'll do your work,
And end by writing letters to the *Times*.

One Viceroy Resigns.

January 7.

THE tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Recessional.

January 8.

SPEAKING roughly, you must employ either blackguards or gentlemen, or, best of all, blackguards commanded by gentlemen, to do butcher's work with efficiency and dispatch.

Drums of the Fore and Aft.

January 9.

THE younger generation does not want instruction, being perfectly willing to instruct if any one will listen to it.

The Education of Otis Yeere.

January 10.

THIS is not a tale exactly. It is a Tract; and I am immensely proud of it. Making a Tract is a Feat.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.

January 11.

THERE was a delightful sense of irresponsibility upon him, such as they feel who walking among their fellow-men know that the death-sentence of disease is upon them, and, since fear is but waste of the little time left, are riotously happy. *The Light that Failed.*

January 12.

HIS friends were thankful when he said good-bye, and went out to this mysterious "tea" business near Darjiling. They said: "God bless you, dear boy! Let us never see your face again,"—or at least that was what Phil was given to understand. *Yoked with an Unbeliever.*

January 13.

HE was clever—brilliantly clever—but his cleverness worked the wrong way. Instead of keeping to the study of the vernaculars, he had read some books written by a man called Comte, I think, and a man called Spencer, and a Professor Clifford. [You will find these books in the Library.] They deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs. There was no order against his reading them; but his Mamma should have smacked him. They fermented in his head, and he came out to India with a rarefied religion over and above his work. It was not much of a creed. It only proved that men had no souls, and there was no God and no hereafter, and that you must worry along somehow for the good of Humanity. *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.*

January 14.

I DO not say a word against this creed. It was made up in Town, where there is nothing but machinery and asphalt and building — all shut in by the fog. Naturally, a man grows to think that there is no one higher than himself, and that the Metropolitan Board of Works made everything. But in this country, where you really see humanity — raw, brown, naked humanity — with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used-up, over-handled earth underfoot, the notion somehow dies away, and most folk come back to simpler theories. Life, in India, is not long enough to waste in proving that there is no one in particular at the head of affairs. *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.*

January 15.

"LIE still, dear lamb, lie still;
The child is passed from harm,
'T is the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."

The Gift of the Sea.

January 16.

MEN are licensed to stumble, but a clever woman's mistake is outside the regular course of Nature and Providence; since all good people know that a woman is the only infallible thing in the world, except Government Paper of the '79 issue, bearing interest at four and a half per cent. *The Education of Otis Yeere.*

January 17.

"'SHTRIP, bhoys!' sez I. 'Shtrip to the buff, an' shwim in where glory waits!' 'But I *can't* shwim!' sez two av thim. 'To think I should live to hear that from a bhoy wid a board-school edukashin!' sez I. 'Take a lump av thimber, an' me an' Conolly here will ferry ye over, ye young ladies!'" *The Taking of Lungtungpen.*

January 18.

"SHE had eyes like the brown av a buttherfly's wing whin the sun catches ut, an' a waist no thicker than my arm, an' a little sof' button av a mouth I wud ha' gone through all Asia bristlin' wid bay'nits to get the kiss av. An' her hair was as long as the tail av the Colonel's charger — forgive me mintionin' that blunderin' baste in the same mouthful with Annie Bragin — but 't was all shpun gold, an' time was whin a lock av ut was more than di'monds to me."

The Solid Muldoon.

January 19.

"NO wise man has a policy," said the Viceroy. "A Policy is the blackmail levied on the Fool by the Unforeseen. I am not the former, and I do not believe in the latter."

I do not quite see what this means, unless it refers to an Insurance Policy. Perhaps it was the Viceroy's way of saying, "Lie low." *A Germ Destroyer.*

January 20.

FAR-CALLED our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Recessional.

January 21.

SHE had the wisdom of the Serpent, the logical coherence of the Man, the fearlessness of the Child, and the triple intuition of the Woman. *Kidnapped.*

January 22.

THAT season, came up to Simla one of these crazy people with only a single idea. These are the men who make things move ; but they are not nice to talk to.

A Germ Destroyer.

January 23.

TRANSFERRED to the Eternal Settlement,
Each in his straight, wood-scantled office pent,
No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought ;
And One who wrote on phosphates for the crops
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

The Last Department.

January 24.

HE was a six-thousand-rupee man, so great that his daughters never "married." They "contracted alliances." He himself was not paid. He "received emoluments," and his journeys about the country were "tours of observation." His business was to stir up the people in Madras with a long pole — as you stir up tench in a pond — and the people had to come up out of their comfortable old ways and gasp: "This is Enlightenment and progress. Isn't it fine!" Then they gave Mellish statues and jasmine garlands, in the hope of getting rid of him.

A Germ Destroyer.

January 25.

IF he had gone on with his work, he would have been caught up to the Secretariat in a few years. He was just the type that goes there — all head, no physique and a hundred theories.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.

January 26.

INVENTORS seem very much alike as a caste. They talk loudly, especially about "conspiracies of monopolists;" they beat upon the table with their fists; and they secrete fragments of their inventions about their persons.

A Germ Destroyer.

January 27.

WE found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,
Full six miles down the valley. So we said
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,
And moralized upon him for a week,
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

Griffen's Debt.

January 28.

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw — alas ! —
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived !
Mingled arrows each one sheaved:
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred :
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die ?

The Explanation.

January 29.

HE worked brilliantly; but he could not accept any order without trying to better it. That was the fault of his creed. It made men too responsible and left too much to their honor.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.

January 30.

THIS good young man was quiet and self-contained — too old for his years by far. Which always carries its own punishment. *Kidnapped.*

January 31.

OPEN and obvious devotion from any sort of man is always pleasant to any sort of woman.

On the Strength of a Likeness.

February 1.

AND so I tell you nothing — wish you luck,
And wonder — how I wonder ! — for your sake
And triumph for my own. You 're young, you 're young,
You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.
I 'm old. I followed Power to the last,
Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.

One Viceroy Resigns.

February 2.

WE are a high-caste and enlightened race, and infant-marriage is very shocking and the consequences are sometimes peculiar ; but, nevertheless, the Hindu notion — which is the Continental notion, which is the aboriginal notion — of arranging marriages irrespective of the personal inclinations of the married, is sound. Think for a minute, and you will see that it must be so ; unless, of course, you believe in "affinities." In which case you had better not read this tale. How can a man who has never married ; who cannot be trusted to pick up at sight a moderately sound horse ; whose head is hot and upset with visions of domestic felicity, go about the choosing of a wife ? He cannot see straight or think straight if he tries ; and the same disadvantages exist in the case of a girl's fancies. But when mature,

married, and discreet people arrange a match between a boy and a girl, they do it sensibly, with a view to the future, and the young couple live happily ever afterwards. As everybody knows. *Kidnapped.*

February 3.

WE rose to our feet, feeling that things were going to happen and ready to believe the worst. In this bad, small world of ours, one knows so little of the life of the next man — which, after all, is entirely his own concern — that one is not surprised when a crash comes.

His Wedded Wife.

February 4.

THE Colonel's face set like the Day of Judgment framed in gray bristles, and no one spoke for a while.

His Wedded Wife.

February 5.

THERE is hope for a man who gets publicly and riotously drunk more often than he ought to do; but there is no hope for the man who drinks secretly and alone in his own house — the man who is never seen to drink.

In Error.

February 6.

THE smoke upon your Altar dies, the flowers decay;
The Goddess of your sacrifice has flown away.
What profit, then, to sing or slay
The sacrifice from day to day?

"We know the Shrine is void," they said, "the Goddess flown;
Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid — the Altar-stone
Is black with fumes of sacrifice,
Albeit She has fled our eyes.

"For, it may be, if still we sing and tend the Shrine,
Some Deity on wandering wing may there incline;
And, finding all in order meet,
Stay while we worship at Her feet." *L'Envoi.*

February 7.

IF McGoggin had kept his creed, with the capital letters and the endings in "isms," to himself, no one would have cared: but his grandfathers on both sides had been Wesleyan preachers, and the preaching strain came out in his mind. He wanted every one at the Club to see that they had no souls too, and to help him to eliminate his Creator. As a good many men told him, *he* undoubtedly had no soul, because he was so young, but it did not follow that his seniors were equally undeveloped; and, whether there was another world or not, a man still wanted to read his papers in this. *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.*

February 8.

IF, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget! *Recessional.*

February 9.

THE spectacle of an armed camp at dinner under the stars was an ever-fresh pleasure to the eye. There was color, light, and motion, without which no man has much pleasure in living. *The Light that Failed.*

February 10.

BECAUSE Mrs. Reiver was cold and hard, he said she was stately and dignified. Because she had no brains, and could not talk cleverly, he said she was reserved and shy. Mrs. Reiver shy! Because she was unworthy of honor or reverence from any one, he reverenced her from a distance and dowered her with all the virtues in the Bible and most of those in Shakespeare. *In Error.*

February 11.

PROPERLY speaking, Government should establish a Matrimonial Department, efficiently officered, with a Jury of Matrons, a Judge of the Chief Court, a Senior Chaplain, and an Awful Warning, in the shape of a love-match that has gone wrong, chained to the trees in the court-yard. All marriages should be made through the Department, which might be subordinate to the Educational Department, under the same penalty as that attaching to the transfer of land without a stamped document. But Government won't take suggestions. It pretends that it is too busy. *Kidnapped.*

February 12.

HE was beginning to learn, not for the first time in his experience, that kissing is a cumulative poison. The more you get of it, the more you want.

The Light that Failed.

February 13.

SHIP me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there are n't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst ;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it 's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay !
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay.

Mandalay.

February 14.

EXCEPTING, always, falling off a horse there is nothing more fatally easy than marriage before the Registrar. The ceremony costs less than fifty shillings, and is remarkably like walking into a pawn-shop. After the declarations

of residence have been put in, four minutes will cover the rest of the proceedings — fees, attestation, and all. Then the Registrar slides the blotting-pad over the names, and says grimly, with his pen between his teeth: "Now you 're man and wife;" and the couple walk out into the street, feeling as if something were horribly illegal somewhere.

But that ceremony holds and can drag a man to his undoing just as thoroughly as the "long as ye both shall live" curse from the altar-rails, with the bridesmaids giggling behind, and "*The Voice that breathed o'er Eden*" lifting the roof off. *In the Pride of His Youth.*

February 15.

MORIARTY thought her something she never was, and in that belief saved himself. Which was just as good as though she had been everything that he had imagined.

But the question is, what claim will Mrs. Reiver have to the credit of Moriarty's salvation, when her day of reckoning comes? *In Error.*

February 16.

FOR heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.
Recessional.

February 17.

WHEN the grief of the soul is too heavy for endurance it may be a little eased by speech ; and, moreover, the mind of a true man is as a well, and the pebble of confession dropped therein sinks and is no more seen.

Dray Wara Yow Dee.

February 18.

SHE was good and very lovely — possessed what innocent people at home call a "Spanish" complexion, with thick blue-black hair growing low down on the forehead, into a "widow's peak," and big violet eyes under eyebrows as black and as straight as the borders of a *Gazette Extraordinary*, when a big man dies. But — but — but — Well, she was a *very* sweet girl and very pious, but for many reasons she was "impossible." Quite so.

Kidnapped.

February 19.

ONE of these days he will marry ; but he will marry a sweet pink-and-white maiden, on the Government House List, with a little money and some influential connections, as every wise man should. *Kidnapped.*

February 20.

A BREATH of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright —
The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For You or Me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign?
Trust me, To-Day's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

The Last Department.

February 21.

LOVE knows no caste.

In Flood Time.

February 22.

"I KNOW what you're going to say. Scores of idle men up on leave. I admit it, but they are all of two objectionable sets. The Civilian who'd be delightful if he had the military man's knowledge of the world and style, and the military man who'd be adorable if he had the Civilian's culture."

"Detestable word! *Have* Civilians culchaw?"

The Education of Otis Yeere.

February 23.

NAFFERTON was not a big man; but he had the reputation of being very "earnest." An "earnest" man can do much with a Government. There was an earnest man once who nearly wrecked . . . but all India knows *that* story. I am not sure what real "earnestness" is. A very fair imitation can be manufactured by neglecting

to dress decently, by mooning about in a dreamy, misty sort of way, by taking office-work home after staying in office till seven, and by receiving crowds of native gentlemen on Sundays. That is one sort of "earnestness." *Pig.*

February 24.

"I NEVER made a mistake in my life — at least, never one that I could n't explain away afterwards."

The Education of Otis Yeere.

February 25.

A NATION spoke to a nation,
A Queen sent word to a throne:
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,
Said the Lady of the Snows.

Our Lady of the Snows.

February 26.

THERE are many things — including actual assault with the clenched fist — that a wife will endure; but seldom a wife can bear with a long course of brutal, hard chaff, making light of her weaknesses, her headaches, her small fits of gayety, her dresses, her queer little attempts to make herself attractive to her husband when she knows that she is not what she has been, and — worst of all — the love that she spends on her children.

The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case.

February 27.

"HE posed as the horror of horrors, — a misunderstood man. Heaven knows the *femme incomprise* is sad enough and bad enough — but the other thing!"

A Second-Rate Woman.

February 28.

PERHAPS — this is only a theory to account for his infamous behavior later on — he gave way to the queer, savage feeling that sometimes takes by the throat a husband twenty years married, when he sees, across the table, the same face of his wedded wife, and knows that, as he has sat facing it, so must he continue to sit until day of its death or his own. Most men and all women know the spasm. It only lasts for three breaths as a rule, must be a "throw-back" to times when men and women were rather worse than they are now, and is too unpleasant to be discussed. *The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case.*

February 29.

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

The Ballad of East and West.

March 1.

"REALLY, if you come to consider, we know a great deal more of men than of our own sex."

A Second-Rate Woman.

March 2.

"MEN seldom confide in me! How is it they come to you?"

"For the sake of impressing me with their careers in the past. Protect me from men with confidences!"

"And yet you encourage them?"

"What can I do? They talk, I listen, and they vow that I am sympathetic."

A Second-Rate Woman.

March 3.

THE other men waited to see what would happen. They trusted Strickland as men trust quiet men.

The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case.

March 4.

THEY were very human for all their spirituality.

The Sending of Dana Da.

March 5.

BESIDES perpetual youth, she had discovered, men said, the secret of perpetual health; and her fame spread about the land. From a mere woman, she grew to be an Institution. *Venus Annodomini.*

March 6.

WITH the new clothes came a new stock of self-confidence. Otis Yeere discovered that he could enter a room without breaking into a gentle perspiration — could cross one, even to talk to Mrs. Hauksbee, as though rooms were meant to be crossed. He was for the first time in nine years proud of himself, and contented with his life.

The Education of Otis Yeere.

March 7.

SURELY, twelve Simla seasons ought to have taught you that you can't focus anything in India; and a *salon*, to be any good at all, must be permanent. In two seasons your roomful would be scattered all over Asia. We are only little bits of dirt on the hillsides — here one day, and blown down the *khud* the next. We have lost the art of talking — at least our men have. We have no cohesion — "

"George Eliot in the flesh," interpolated Mrs. Hauksbee, wickedly. *The Education of Otis Yeere.*

March 8.

THEY have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Ballad of East and West.

March 9.

IT is a curious thing that, when a man hates or loves beyond reason, he is ready to go beyond reason to gratify his feelings. Which he would not do for money or power merely. Depend upon it, Solomon would never have built altars to Ashtaroth and all those ladies with queer names, if there had not been trouble of some kind in his *zenana*, and nowhere else. *The Bisara of Pooree.*

March 10.

"TRY my recipe. Take a man, not a boy, mind, but an almost mature, unattached man, and be his guide, philosopher, and friend. You 'll find it *the* most interesting occupation that you ever embarked on. It can be done, — you need n't look like that,— because I 've done it."

"There 's an element of risk about it that makes the notion attractive. I 'll get such a man and say to him, 'Now,

82995

understand that there must be no flirtation. Do exactly what I tell you, profit by my instruction and counsels, and all will yet be well.' Is that the idea?"

"More or less," said Mrs. Mallowe, with an unfathomable smile. "But be sure he understands."

The Education of Otis Yeere.

March 11.

THERE are three or four times in a man's life when he is justified in meddling with other people's affairs to play Providence. *The Bisara of Pooree.*

March 12.

ALL Sikhs are dogs, and they have refused in their folly that good gift of God — tobacco.

In Flood Time.

March 13.

MY speech is clear and single,
I talk of common things,
Words of the wharf or market-place
And the ware the merchant brings.
Favour to those I favour,
But a stumbling-block for my foes,
Many there be that hate us,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Our Lady of the Snows.

March 14.

"WHY do you trouble yourself about mere human beings?"

"Because in the absence of angels, who I am sure would be horribly dull, men and women are the most fascinating things in the whole wide world."

A Second-Rate Woman.

March 15.

"SHE has good eyes, but — Oh!"

"What is it?"

"She does n't know how to use them!"

A Second-Rate Woman.

March 16.

TOO much zeal was a thing that she did not approve of; preferring instead a tempered and sober tenderness.

Venus Annodomini.

March 17.

"I'M different. I've no sense of humor."

"Cultivate it, then. It has been my mainstay for more years than I care to think about. A well-educated sense of Humor will save a woman when Religion, Training, and Home Influences fail; and we may all need salvation sometimes." *A Second-Rate Woman.*

March 18.

THAT was summat to do, an' I did n't think o' dyin'. Now I 'm sick to go 'Ome — go 'Ome — go 'Ome! No, I ain't mammy sick, because my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again ; sick for the sounds of 'er ; an' the sight of 'er, an' the stinks of 'er ; orange-peel and hasphalte an gas comin' in over Vaux'all Bridge. Sick for the rail goin' down to Box 'Ill, with your gal on your knee an' a new clay pipe in your face. That, an' the Stran' light where you knows every one, an' the Cooper that takes you up is a old friend that tuk you up before, when you was a little, smitchy boy lyin' loose 'tween the Temple an' the Dark Harches. No bloomin' guard-mountin', no bloomin' rotten-stone, nor khaki, an' yourself your own master with a gal to take an' see the Humaners practisin' ahookin' dead corpses out of the Serpentine o' Sundays. An' I lef' all that for to serve the Widder beyond the seas, where there ain't no women, and there ain't no liquor worth 'avin', and there ain't nothin' to see, nor do, nor say, nor feel, nor think.

The Madness of Private Otheris.

March 19.

NEXT to a requited attachment, one of the most convenient things that a young man can carry about with him at the beginning of his career is an unrequited attachment. It makes him feel important and business-like, and *blasé* and cynical ; and whenever he has a touch of liver, or suffers from want of exercise, he can mourn over his lost love, and be very happy in a tender, twilight fashion.

On the Strength of a Likeness.

March 20.

HIS face was a looking-glass and his forehead an open book, by reason of his innocence.

Venus Annodomini.

March 21.

CARRY the word to my sisters,
To the Queens of the East and South;
I have proved faith in the heritage
By more than a word of mouth.
They that are wise may follow,
Ere the world's war-trumpet blows,
But I, I am first in the battle,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Our Lady of the Snows.

March 22.

THERE was no one like her, though there were many imitations. Six years in her eyes were no more than six months to ordinary women; and ten made less visible impression on her than does a week's fever on an ordinary woman. Every one adored her, and in return she was pleasant and courteous to nearly every one. Youth had been a habit of hers for so long that she could not part with it, — never realized, in fact, the necessity of parting with it, — and took for her more chosen associates young people.

Venus Annodomini.

March 23.

HE was immensely struck with Miss Venner's intelligence. He would have been more impressed had he heard her private and confidential accounts of his calls. He held peculiar notions as to the wooing of girls. He said that the best work of a man's career should be laid reverently at their feet. Ruskin writes something like this somewhere, I think; but in ordinary life a few kisses are better and save time.

Wressley of the Foreign Office.

March 24.

BY Docket, Billet-doux, and File, by Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box, by Corset, Plume, and Spur,
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War, by Women, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in the everlasting Hills,
If you love me as I love you,
What pair so happy as we two?

An Old Song.

March 25.

HE began his book in the land he was writing of. Too much official correspondence had made him a frigid workman, and he must have guessed that he needed the white light of local color on his palette. This is a dangerous paint for amateurs to play with.

Wressley of the Foreign Office.

March 26.

HIS heart and soul were at the end of his pen, and they got into the ink. He was dowered with sympathy, insight, humor, and style for two hundred and thirty days and nights; and his book was a Book. He had his vast special knowledge with him, so to speak; but the spirit, the woven-in human Touch, the poetry and the power of the output, were beyond all special knowledge.

Wressley of the Foreign Office.

March 27.

"ON the Soul which I have lost and on the Conscience which I have killed, I tell you that I *cannot* feel! I am as the gods, knowing good and evil, but untouched by either. Is this enviable, or is it not?"

To Be Filed for Reference.

March 28.

"I MISDOUBT you were built for the Primitive Methodians. They 're a new corps, anyways. I hold by the Ould Church, for she 's the mother of them all — ay, an' the father, too. I like her bekase she 's most remarkable regimental in her fittings. I may die in Honolulu, Nova Zambra, or Cape Cayenne, but wherever I die, me bein' fwhat I am, an' a priest handy, I go under the same orders an' the same words an' the same unction as tho' the Pope himself come down from the dome av St. Peter's to see me off. There 's neither high nor low, nor broad nor deep, nor betwixt nor between with her, an' that 's what I like. But

mark you, she 's no manner av Church for a wake man, bekase she takes the body and the soul av him, onless he has his proper work to do. I remember when my father died, that was three months comin' to his grave ; begad he 'd ha' sold the sheebeen above our heads for ten minutes' quittance of purgathory. An' he did all he could. That 's why I say it takes a strong man to deal with the Ould Church, an' for that reason you 'll find so many women go there. An' that same 's a conundrum."

"Wot 's the use o' worritin' 'bout these things?" said Ortheris. "You 're bound to find all out quicker nor you want to, any'ow." *On Greenhow Hill.*

March 29.

HE struck me as a prig: he was always throwing his education about.

To Be Filed for Reference.

March 30.

THERE is a writer called Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who makes most delicate inlay-work in black and white, and files out to the fraction of a hair.

Black Jack.

March 31.

"YOUR attempts at sarcasm, which is essentially the weapon of a cultured man, are crude."

To Be Filed for Reference.

April 1.

THE rose has lost its fragrance, and the *koil's* note is strange;
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough.
Give me back the leafless woodlands where the winds of Springtime range —
Give me back one day in England — for it 's Spring in England now!

In Springtime.

April 2.

"I AM ould enough to know betther. But I will do penance. I will take a dhrink av wather." (Mulvaney.) *Black Jack.*

April 3.

THERE is no shadow of stability in the policy of an English government; and the most sacred oaths of England would, even if embossed on vellum, find very few buyers among colonies and dependencies that have suffered from vain beliefs. But there remains to England always her army. That cannot change, except in the matter of uniform and equipment. *The Mutiny of the Mavericks.*

April 4.

"OULD days are hard to bring back into the mouth, but they 're always inside the head."

Black Jack.

April 5.

NOW there are Oirish an' Oirish. The good are good as the best, but the bad are wurrst than the wurrst.

Black Jack.

April 6.

THROUGH the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the brown fields blowing chill,
From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the fragrance of the loam,
And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the jackdaw in the hill,
And my heart is back in England mid the sights and sounds of Home.

In Springtime.

April 7.

WHENCE is my sorrow? Does a man tear out his heart and make fritters thereof over a slow fire for aught other than a woman? *Dray Wara Yow Dee.*

April 8.

AN order is an order till one is strong enough to disobey. *Dray Wara Yow Dee.*

April 9.

LO, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race;
For Pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make, —
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see,
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long *bazar* will praise — but Thou —
Heart of my heart, have I done well?
L'Envoi (in *Soldiers Three*).

April 10.

ALAS! man cannot live by grace alone, if meat be wanting. *The Judgment of Dungara.*

April 11.

DON'T be uncharitable. Any sin but that I 'll forgive. *A Second-Rate Woman.*

April 12.

AND was I afraid? My brother, when the desire of a man is set upon one thing alone, he fears neither God nor Man nor Devil. If my vengeance failed, I would splinter the Gates of Paradise with the butt of my gun, or I would cut my way into Hell with my knife, and I would call upon Those who Govern there for the body of Daoud Shah. What love so deep as hate?

Dray Wara Yow Dee.

April 13.

WHEN I have accomplished the matter and my Honor is made clean, I shall return thanks unto God, the Holder of the Scale of the Law, and I shall sleep. From the night, through the day, and into the night again I shall sleep; and no dream shall trouble me.

Dray Wara Yow Dee.

April 14.

A SNAKE is a snake till it is dead; and a liar is a liar till the Judgment of the Gods takes hold of his heel.

Gemini.

April 15.

THERE is neither Shiah nor Sunni, forbidden nor idolater, in Love; and the Nine Bars are but nine little fagots that the flame of Love utterly burns away.

In Flood Time.

April 16.

HE was a young Muhammadan who was suffering acutely from education of the English variety and knew it. His father had sent him to a Mission-school to get wisdom, and Wali Dad had absorbed more than ever his father or the Missionaries intended he should. When his father died, Wali Dad was independent, and spent two years experimenting with the creeds of the Earth and reading books that are of no use to anybody. *On the City Wall.*

April 17.

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty — but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew —
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons — and that was a glorious gain —
When the Devil chuckled, "Is it art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

The Conundrum of the Workshops.

April 18.

"HIT a man an' help a woman, an' ye can't be far wrong anyway."

Maxims of Private Mulvaney.

April 19.

THEY builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It 's striking, but is it art?"
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side, and the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and the south, they talked and they fought in the west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the poor Red Clay had rest —
Had rest till the dank black-canvas dawn when the dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It 's human, but is it art?"

The Conundrum of the Workshops.

April 20.

"THEER 'S one o' t Ten Commandments says yo maun't cuvvet your neebor's ox nor his jackass, but it does n't say nowt about his tarrier dogs."

Private Learoyd's Story.

April 21.

"THE Colonel av the rig'mint had a daughter — wan av thim lamblike, bleatin', pick-me-up-an carry-me-or-I 'll-die gurls, such as was made for the natural prey av men like the Capt'n, who was iverlastin' payin' coort to her."

The God from the Machine.

April 22.

WHAT is the moral? Who runs may read.
When the night is thick and the tracks are blind,
A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed;
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind:
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

L'Envoi to *The Story of the Gadsbys.*

April 23.

"EYAH! They was great times. I 'm ould now; me hide 's wore off in patches; sinthrygo has disconceited me, an' I 'm a married man tu. But I 've had my day — I 've had my day, an' nothin' can take away the taste av that! Oh, my time past, whin I put me fut through ivry livin' wan av the Tin Commandmints between Revelly and Lights Out, blew the froth off a pewter, wiped me moustache wid the back av me hand, an' slept on ut all as quiet as a little child! But ut 's over — ut 's over, an' 't will niver come back to me; not though I prayed for a week av Sundays."

The Solid Muldoon.

April 24.

"'TIS onwholesim', 't is dangerous, an' 't is ivrything else that 's bad, but — O my sowl, 't is swate while ut lasts!" *The Solid Muldoon.*

April 25.

MRS. H. I 'll be more merciful than you were. Don't you know that all women are alike?

CAPT. G. (*Aside.*) Then this is the exception that proves the rule.

MRS. H. *All* of them! I 'll tell you anything you like. I will, upon my word! They only want the admiration — from anybody — no matter who — anybody! But there is always *one* man that they care for more than any one else in the world, and would sacrifice all the others to. Oh, *do* listen! *The Tents of Kedar.*

April 26.

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!).

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(*And now we know that she never could know*)
And did not understand. *The Vampire.*

April 27.

IT takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilized Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight.

Lispeth.

April 28.

OPEN the old cigar-box — let me consider a while —
Here is a mild Manila — there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion — bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?

The Betrothed.

April 29.

"WELL, and how does success taste?" said Torpenhow, some three months later. He had just returned to chambers after a holiday in the country.

"Good," said Dick, as he sat licking his lips before the easel in the studio. "I want more, — heaps more. The lean years have passed, and I approve of these fat ones."

"Be careful, old man. That way lies bad work."

The Light that Failed.

April 30.

"THE first proof a man gives of his interest in a woman is by talking to her about his own sweet self. If the woman listens without yawning, he begins to like her. If she flatters the animal's vanity, he ends by adoring her."

The Education of Otis Yeere.

May 1.

HE would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets. *The Man Who Was.*

May 2.

"I WONDER what will happen to me now," thought Black Sheep, when the semi-pagan rites, peculiar to the burial of the dead in middle-class houses, had been accomplished, and Aunty Rosa, awful in black crape, had returned to this life. *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.*

May 3.

THAT quaint, crooked, sweet, profoundly irresponsible and profoundly lovable race that fight like fiends, argue like children, reason like women, obey like men, and jest like their own goblins of the wrath through rebellion, loyalty, want, woe, or war.

The Mutiny of the Mavericks.

May 4.

"IN barricks or out of it, as *you* say, Sorr, an Oirish rig'mint is the divil an' more. 'T is only fit for a young man wid eddicated fisteses. Oh, the crame av disruption is an Oirish rig'mint, an' rippin', tearin' ragin' scattherers in the field av war! My first rig'mint was Oirish — Faynians an' rebils to the heart av their marrow was they, an' *so* they fought for the Widdy betther than most, bein' contrairy — Oirish. They was the Black Tyrone. You 've heard av thim, Sorr?" *With the Main Guard.*

May 5.

CAPT. G. — On my soul and honor, Jack, She 's the sweetest little angel that ever came down from the sky. There is n't a woman on earth fit to speak to Her!

CAPT. M. — (*Aside.*) And this is old Gaddy! (*Aloud.*) Go on if it relieves you.

CAPT. G. — You can laugh! That 's all you wild asses of bachelors are fit for. *With Any Amazement.*

May 6.

"BEKASE I 'm turned durin' the Quane's pleasure to a lump av wood, lookin' out straight forninst me, wid a — a — candelabbrum in my hand, for you to pick your cards out av, must I not see nor feel? Av coorse I du! Up my back, an' in my boots, an' in the short hair av the neck — that 's where I kape my eyes whin I 'm on duty an' the reg'lar wans are fixed." *The God from the Machine.*

May 7.

THE many hours that she could spare from the ordering of her small house she devoted to what she called the home training of Dick Heldar. Her religion, manufactured in the main by her own intelligence and an ardent study of the Scriptures, was an aid to her in this matter. At such times as she herself was not personally displeased with Dick, she left him to understand that he had a heavy account to settle with his Creator; wherefore Dick learned to loathe his God as intensely as he loathed Mrs. Jennett; and this is not a wholesome frame of mind for the young.

The Light that Failed.

May 8.

JUST send in your Chief and surrender — it 's worse if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they 'll be only your graves, but you don't get away from the guns!

Screw Guns.

May 9.

MRS. G. — (*Her head on his shoulder.*) My husband, you 've married a little goose.

CAPT. G. — (*Very tenderly.*) Have I? I am content whatever she is, so long as she is mine.

MRS. G. — (*Quickly.*) Because she is yours, or because she is me mineself?

CAPT. G. — Because she is both. (*Piteously.*) I 'm not clever, dear, and I don't think I can make myself understood properly.

MRS. G — *I* understand. *The Garden of Eden.*

May 10.

MULVANEY had taught personal cleanliness and efficiency as the first articles of his companions' creed. "A dhirty man," he was used to say, in the speech of his kind, "goes to clink for a weakness in the knees, an' is coort-martialed for a pair av socks missin'; but a clane man, such as is an ornament to his service — a man whose buttons are gold, whose coat is wax upon him, an' whose 'couterments are widout a speck — *that* man may, spakin' in reason, do fwhat he likes, an' dhrink from day to divil. That 's the pride av bein' dacint."

The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.

May 11.

WHEN shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers and don't mind the shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.

The Young British Soldier.

May 12.

"SUICIDE is shirking your work. If I was a Job ten times over, I should be so interested in what was going to happen next that I 'd stay on and watch."

"Ah! I 've lost that curiosity," said Hummil.

"Liver out of order?" said Lowndes, feelingly.

"No. Can't sleep. That 's worse."

At the End of the Passage.

May 13.

"YOU belong to me," said Dick, "for ever and ever." "I know I do. It 's very nice." She squeezed his arm. The kindly darkness hid them both, and, emboldened because he could only just see the profile of Maisie's cheek with the long lashes veiling the gray eyes, Dick at the front door delivered himself of the words he had been boggling over for the last two hours.

"And I — love you, Maisie," he said, in a whisper that seemed to him to ring across the world, — the world that he would to-morrow or the next day set out and conquer.

The Light that Failed.

May 14.

A FOOL there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I !),
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it was n't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I !).

Oh, the toil we lost, and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who did n't know why
(*And now we know that she never knew why*)
And did not understand. *The Vampire.*

May 15.

IF we make light of our work by using it for our own ends, our work will make light of us, and, as we 're the weaker, we 'll suffer. *The Light that Failed.*

May 16.

MRS. G. — Listen, my husband. Never, never, *never* tell your wife anything that you do not wish her to remember and think over all her life. Because a woman — yes, I am a woman, sir — *can't* forget.

CAPT. G. — By Jove, how do *you* know that?

MRS. G. — (*Confusedly.*) I don't. I'm only guessing. I am — I was — a silly little girl; but I feel that I know so much, oh, so very much more than you, dearest. To begin with, I'm your wife.

CAPT. G. — So I have been led to believe.

MRS. G. — And I shall want to know every one of your secrets — to share everything you know with you.

The Garden of Eden.

May 17.

THEIR fate sent them to serve in India, which is not a golden country, though poets have sung otherwise. There men die with great swiftness, and those who live suffer many and curious things.

The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.

May 18.

WHEN young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

May 19.

"HE was a bhoy wid bowils, that child, an' a rale gintleman." *The Big Drunk Draf'.*

May 20.

"I KNOW such little heavens that I could take you to, — islands tucked away under the Line. You sight them after weeks of crashing through water as black as black marble because it 's so deep, and you sit in the forechains day after day and see the sun rise almost afraid because the sea is so lonely."

"Who is afraid? — you or the sun?"

"The sun, of course. And there are noises under the sea, and sounds overhead in a clear sky. Then you find your island alive with hot moist orchids that make mouths at you and can do everything except talk. There 's a waterfall in it three hundred feet high, just like a sliver of green jade laced with silver; and millions of wild bees live up in the rocks; and you can hear the fat cocoanuts falling from the palms; and you order an ivory-white servant to sling you a great yellow hammock with tassels on it like ripe maize, and you put up your feet and hear the bees hum and the water fall till you go to sleep."

"Can one work there?"

"Certainly. One must do something always. You hang your canvas up in a palm-tree and let the parrots criticise. When they scuffle you heave a ripe custard-apple at them, and it bursts in a lather of cream. There are hundreds of places. Come and see them."

The Light that Failed.

May 21.

"MAISIE, darling, come with me and see what the world is really like. It's very lovely, and it's very horrible, — but I won't let you see anything horrid, — and it does n't care your life or mine for pictures or anything else except doing its own work and making love."

The Light that Failed.

May 22.

'IT is n't a fib."
"It 's worse. It 's a half-truth."

The Light that Failed.

May 23.

THE fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I !),
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it is n't on record the lady tried);
So some of him lived but the most of him died
(Even as you and I !).

And it is n't the shame and it is n't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand —
It 's coming to know that she never knew why
(*Seeing at last she could never know why*)
And never could understand.

The Vampire.

May 24.

CAPT. G. — Thanks. I say, Pussy, I don't know much about your religious beliefs. You were brought up to believe in a heaven and all that, were n't you ?

MRS. G. — Yes. But it was a pincushion heaven, with hymn-books in all the pews.

CAPT. G. — (*Wagging his head with intense conviction.*) Never mind. There is a *pukka* heaven.

MRS. G. — Where do you bring that message from, my prophet ?

CAPT. G. — Here ! Because we care for each other. So it 's all right.

MRS. G. — (*As a troop of langurs crash through the branches.*) So it 's all right. But Darwin says that we came from *those !*

CAPT. G. — (*Placidly.*) Ah ! Darwin was never in love with an angel. That settles it. Sstt, you brutes ! Monkeys, indeed ! You should n't read those books.

The Garden of Eden.

May 25.

"HE 'd a dirty little scrub av a black moustache, an' he twisted an' turned ivry wurrd he used as av he found ut too sweet for to spit out. Eyah ! He was a tricky man an' a liar by natur'. Some are born so. He was wan."

The God from the Machine.

May 26.

"THERE 'S nothin' like livin' in the hoight av society."

With the Main Guard.

May 27.

WE are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

General Summary.

May 28.

SHE knew all the songs that have ever been sung, from the war-songs of the South that make the old men angry with the young men and the young men angry with the State, to the love-songs of the North where the swords whinny-whicker like angry kites in the pauses between the kisses, and the Passes fill with armed men, and the Lover is torn from his Beloved and cries, *Ai, Ai, Ai!* evermore.

On the City Wall.

May 29.

STORM after storm came up, thundered on the thatch, and died away. The lightning spattered the sky as a thrown egg spatters a barn door, but the light was pale blue, not yellow; and looking through my slit bamboo blinds, I could see the great dog standing, not sleeping, in the veranda, the hackles alift on her back, and her feet planted as tensely as the drawn wire rope of a suspension bridge. In the very short pauses of the thunder I tried to sleep.

The Recrudescence of Imray.

May 30.

"DOES n't tha think tha 's a fool ? "

"But whin was a young man, high or low, the other av a fool, I 'd like to know ? " said Mulvaney. "Sure, folly 's the only safe way to wisdom, for I 've thried it."

On Greenhow Hill.

May 31.

"RECOLLECT some of those views in the Soudan ? " said Torpenhow, with a provoking drawl.

Dick squirmed in his place. "Don't ! It makes me want to get out there again. What color that was ! Opal and umber and amber and claret and brick-red and sulphur — cockatoo-crest sulphur — against brown, with a nigger-black rock sticking up in the middle of it all, and a decorative frieze of camels festooning in front of a pure pale-turquoise sky." He began to walk up and down. "And yet, you know, if you try to give these people the thing as God gave it, keyed down to their comprehension and according to the powers He has given you — "

"Modest man ! Go on."

"Half a dozen epicene young pagans who have n't even been to Algiers will tell you, first, that your notion is borrowed, and, secondly, that it is n't Art."

The Light that Failed.

June 1.

WHETHER Christianity improved Lispeth, or whether the gods of her own people would have done as much for her under any circumstances, I do not know; but she grew very lovely. When a Hill girl grows lovely, she is worth travelling fifty miles over bad ground to look upon. Lispeth had a Greek face, — one of those faces people paint so often, and see so seldom. She was of a pale, ivory color, and, for her race, extremely tall. Also, she possessed eyes that were wonderful; and, had she not been dressed in the abominable print-cloths affected by Missions, you would, meeting her on the hillside unexpectedly, have thought her the original Diana of the Romans going out to slay. *Lispeth.*

June 2.

WHO shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

General Summary.

June 3.

LISPETH took to Christianity readily, and did not abandon it when she reached womanhood, as do some Hill girls. Her own people hated her because she had, they said, become a *memsahib* and washed herself daily; and the Chaplain's wife did not know what to do with her. Somehow, one cannot ask a stately goddess, five foot ten in her shoes, to clean plates and dishes. So she played with the Chaplain's children and took classes in the Sunday-school, and read all the books in the house, and grew more and more beautiful, like the Princesses in fairy tales. The Chaplain's wife said that the girl ought to take service in Simla as a nurse or something "genteel." But Lispeth did not want to take service. She was very happy where she was.

Lispeth.

June 4.

A WOMAN will forgive the man who has ruined her life's work so long as he gives her love. A man may forgive those who ruin the love of his life, but he will never forgive the destruction of his work.

The Light that Failed.

June 5.

CONSIDERED as a kiss, that was a failure, but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world that either had ever given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all,

especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each other's hands and saying not a word.

"You can't forget now," said Dick at last. There was that on his cheek that stung more than gunpowder.

"I should n't have forgotten anyhow," said Maisie, and they looked at each other and saw that each was changed from the companion of an hour ago to a wonder and a mystery they could not understand. The sun began to set, and a night-wind thrashed along the bents of the foreshore.

The Light that Failed.

June 6.

AS a sponge rubs a slate clean, so some power unknown to Spurstow had wiped out of Hummil's face all that stamped it for the face of a man, and he stood at the doorway in the expression of his lost innocence. He had slept back into terrified childhood. *At the End of the Passage.*

June 7.

"THE congregation dinned it to 'Liza 'at she were fair fond to take up wi' a wastrel ne'er-do-weel like me, as was scarcelins respectable, and a fighting-dog at his heels. It was all very well for her to be doing me good and saving my soul, but she must mind as she did n't do herself harm. They talk o' rich folk bein' stuck up an' genteel, but for cast-iron pride o' respectability there 's naught like poor chapel folk." *On Greenhow Hill.*

June 8.

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I 've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they 're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play,
The regiment 's in 'ollow square — they 're hangin' him to-day;
They 've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

Danny Deever.

June 9.

SUNDAY brought me the queerest experiences of all, — a revelation of barbarism complete. I found a place that was officially described as a church. It was a circus really, but that the worshippers did not know. There were flowers all about the building, which was fitted up with plush and stained oak and much luxury, including twisted brass candlesticks of severest Gothic design.

To these things and a congregation of savages entered suddenly a wonderful man, completely in the confidence of

their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But, unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he, and not He, was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction-room, he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold, and all the plate-glass diamond), and set in the centre of it a loud-voiced, argumentative, very shrewd creation that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was apropos of some question of the Judgment, and ran : —

"No ! I tell you God does n't do business that way."

He was giving them a deity whom they could comprehend.

American Notes.

June 10.

THE men flung themselves down, adjuring the punkah-coolies by all the powers of Eblis to pull. Every door and window was shut, for the outside air was that of an oven. The atmosphere within was only 104°, as the thermometer attested, and heavy with the foul smell of badly trimmed kerosene lamps ; and this stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick, and dried earth, sends the heart of many a strong man down to his boots, for it is the smell of the great Indian Empire when she turns herself for six months into a house of torment.

At the End of the Passage.

June 11.

"DOWB," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face,
On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
Died — and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Filched it from the artist — then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
Through the toil of other men.

General Summary.

June 12.

NO hope, no change! The clouds have shut us in
And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes down
Full on the bosom of the tortured Town.
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in spite
Glares through the haze and mocks with watery light
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.
Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The lightnings fly
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching sky,
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

June 13.

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

The Man Who Was.

June 14.

A LADY — not too young —
With a perfect taste in dresses, and a badly bitted tongue,
With a thirst for information, and a greater thirst for praise.

Delilah.

June 15.

IT is well to be of a cultured intelligence, but in time of trouble the weak human mind returns to the creed it sucked in at the breast, and if that creed be not a pretty one, trouble follows. *The Mutiny of the Mavericks.*

June 16.

THERE is more joy in England over one soldier who insubordinately steps out of a square to rescue a comrade than over twenty generals slaving even to baldness over the gross details of transport and commissariat.

The Light that Failed.

June 17.

"THOUGH you mayn't know it," he said, raising his head, "the Lord is a just and terrible God, Bess, with a very strong sense of humor."

The Light that Failed.

June 18.

"IT 'S a chromo," said he, — "a chromo-litholeomargarine fake! What possessed him to do it? And yet how thoroughly he has caught the note that catches a public who think with their boots and read with their elbows!

The Light that Failed.

June 19.

"WHAT 'S that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It 's Danny fightin' 'ard f· life," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What 's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It 's Danny's soul that 's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they 're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment 's in column, an' they 're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they 'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

Danny Deever.

June 20.

AFTER marriage arrives a reaction, sometimes a big, sometimes a little one; but it comes sooner or later, and must be tided over by both parties if they desire the rest of their lives to go with the current.

Three and — an Extra.

June 21.

"A FIRST-CLASS rifle-shot an' a good little man av your inches you are," said Mulvaney. "But you niver had a head worth a soft-boiled egg. 'T is me has to lie awake av nights schamin' an' plottin' for the three av us." *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.*

June 22.

THE tale is old as the Eden Tree — as new as the new-cut tooth —
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master of art and truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane, "You did it — but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg;
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg;

We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is drawn by the cart ; —
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old, "It 's clever — but is it art ? "

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mould —
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves : "It 's pretty, but is it art ? "

The Conundrum of the Workshops.

June 23.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that the Yankee schoolmarm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue to-day. *American Notes.*

June 24.

"GLORY 's no compensation for a bellyache." (Mulvaney.) *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

June 25.

DO you know what life at a Mission outpost means? Try to imagine a loneliness exceeding that of the smallest station to which Government has ever sent you — isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you perforce headlong into the labors of the day. There is no post, there is no one of your own color to speak to, there are no roads; there is, indeed, food to keep you alive, but it is not pleasant to eat; and whatever of good or beauty or interest there is in your life must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts, the doubtful, and the open scoffers troop up to the veranda. You must be infinitely kind and patient, and, above all, clear-sighted, for you deal with the simplicity of childhood, the experience of man, and the subtlety of the savage.

The Judgment of Dungara.

June 26.

A WOMAN'S guess is much more accurate than a man's certainty. *Three and — an Extra.*

June 27.

SHE patronized extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,
Whose mode of earning money was a low and shameful one.
He wrote for divers papers, which, as everybody knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.

Delilah.

June 28.

OVER our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

June 29.

"YOU 'll learn to-morrow how we retreated to dhraw thim on before we made thim trouble; an' that 's what a woman does." *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

June 30.

A HINDOO is a Hindoo and a brother to the man who knows his vernacular. And a Frenchman is French because he speaks his own language. But the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth. Now that I have heard their voices, all the beauty of Bret Harte is being ruined for me, because I find myself catching through the roll of his rhythmical prose the cadence of his peculiar fatherland. Get an American lady

to read to you "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar," and see how much is, under her tongue, left of the beauty of the original.

But I am sorry for Bret Harte. It happened this way. A reporter asked me what I thought of the city, and I made answer sauvely that it was hallowed ground to me, because of Bret Harte. That was true.

"Well," said the reporter, "Bret Harte claims California, but California don't claim Bret Harte. He 's been so long in England that he 's quite English."

American Notes.

July 1.

HE thought for a minute, and said: "Can you lie?" "You know best," I answered. "It 's my profession." *Thrown Away.*

July 2.

"I AM av the opinion av Polonius, whin he said: 'Don't fight wid ivry scut for the pure joy av fightin'; but if you do, knock the nose av him first an' frequint!' We ought to ha' gone on an' helped the Ghoorkhas."

"But what do you know about Polonius?" I demanded. This was a new side of Mulvaney's character.

"All that Shakespeare ever wrote, an' a dale more that the gallery shouted," said the man of war, carefully lacing his boots. "Did I not tell you av Silver's Theatre in Dublin whin I was younger than I am now, an' a patron av the drama?" *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

July 3.

"OULD Silver wud never pay actor, man or woman, their just dues, an' by consequence his comp'nies was collapsible at the last minut. Then the bhoys would clamor to take a part, an' oft as not ould Silver made them pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Hamlut played wid a new

black eye, an' the Queen as full as a cornucopia. I remember wanst Hogin, that 'listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuced ould Silver into givin' him Hamlut's part instid av me, that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av course I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other people's hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin walkin' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. 'Hamlut,' sez I, 'there 's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockin's, Hamlut,' sez I. 'Hamlut, Hamlut, for the love av decincy, dhrop that skull, an' pull up your shtockin's.' The whole house began to tell him that. His stopped his soliloquishms mid between. 'My shtockin's may be comin' down, or they may not,' sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was; 'but afther the performince is over, me an' the Ghost 'll trample the guts out av you, Terence, wid your ass's bray.' An' that 's how I come to know about Hamlut. Eyah! Those days, those days!"

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

July 4.

THE average American citizen seems to have a notion that any Power engaged in strife with the Star Spangled Banner will disembark men from flat-bottomed boats on a convenient beach for the purpose of being shot down by local militia. In his own simple phraseology:—

"Not by a darned sight. No, sir."

American Notes.

July 5.

SHE was so good, she made him worse
(Some women are like this, I think).

The Mare's Nest.

July 6.

"DID you iver have onendin' devilmint, an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?"

"Never without having to pay," I said.

"That 's thrue. 'T is mane, whin you considher on ut; but ut 's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a bellyache if you eat too much, an' a heart-ache to kape all down. Faith, the beast only gets the colic, an' he 's the lucky man."

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

July 7.

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no redcoats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

O it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy go away;"
But it 's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it 's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

"*Tommy.*"

July 8.

THEY returned to the Park, and Dick delivered himself of the saga of his own doings, with all the arrogance of a young man speaking to a woman. From the beginning he told the tale, the I — I — I 's flashing through the records as telegraph-poles fly past the traveller. Maisie listened and nodded her head. The histories of strife and privation did not move her a hair's-breadth. At the end of each canto he would conclude, "And *that* gave me some notion of handling color," or light, or whatever it might be that he had set out to pursue and understand. He led her breathless across half the world, speaking as he had never spoken in his life before. *The Light that Failed.*

July 9.

HE might have condensed the whole of his lumbering nonsense into an epigram : "Only the free are bond, and only the bond are free." *The Light that Failed.*

July 10.

WHEN one hears so much of the nation that can whip the earth, it is, to say the least of it, surprising to find her so temptingly spankable. *American Notes.*

July 11.

"FOR all we take we must pay ; but the price is cruel high," murmured Mulvaney.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

July 12.

AND, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment — being by nature contradictious — and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. *The Man Who Was.*

July 13.

HERE I went with a friend — poor or boor is the man who cannot pick up a friend for a season in America. *American Notes.*

July 14.

MEN who spar with Government need, to back their blows,
Something more than ordinary journalistic prose.
Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could write ;
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.
The Man Who Could Write.

July 15.

THE night had closed in rain, and rolling clouds blotted out the lights of the villages in the valley. Forty miles away, untouched by cloud or storm, the white shoulder of Dongo Pa — the Mountain of the Council of the Gods — upheld the evening star. The monkeys sung sorrowfully to each other as they hunted for dry roots in the fern-draped trees, and the last puff of the day-wind brought from the unseen villages the scent of damp-wood smoke, hot cakes, dripping undergrowth, and rotting pine-cones. That smell is the true smell of the Himalayas, and if it once gets into the blood of a man he will, at the last, forgetting everything else, return to the Hills to die. *Namgay Doola.*

July 16.

HE was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount. *The Man Who Was.*

July 17.

"I ALWAYS prefer to believe the best of everybody. It saves so much trouble."

"Very good. I prefer to believe the worst. It saves useless expenditure of sympathy."

A Second-Rate Woman.

July 18.

I WENT into a theatre as sober as could be,
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'ad n't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they 'll shove me in the stalls.
For it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy wait outside;"
But it 's "Special train for Atkins," when the trooper 's on the tide.
"Tommy."

July 19.

"WHAT will a young man not do for Love's sake?"
In Flood Time.

July 20.

TRUST a woman for being as blind as a bat when she won't see. *The Tents of Kedar.*

July 21.

ABOUT thirty years from this date, when we have succeeded in half-educating everything that wears trousers, our army will be a beautifully unreliable machine. It will know too much, and it will know too little. Later still, when all men are at the level of the officer of to-day, it will sweep the earth. *Drums of the Fore and Aft.*

July 22.

"IN the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I — no, not within half a day's march av ut." *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

July 23.

"FOR the first five years av my service, whin I was what I wud give my sowl to be now, I tuk whatever was widin my reach, an' digested ut, an' that 's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av hiven, I could play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anything about the other three, and smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all." *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

July 24.

"THEY said they were artists, and I knew some of them could draw, — but they would n't draw. They gave me tea, — tea at five in the afternoon ! — and talked about Art and the state of their souls. As if their souls mattered. I 've heard more about Art and seen less of her in the last six months than in the whole of my life." *The Light that Failed.*

July 25.

"LORD, be good to me ! for I have stud some trouble." (Mulvaney.) *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

July 26.

'E RUSHES at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e 's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E 's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e 's generally shammin' when 'e 's dead.
'E 's a daisy, 'e 's a ducky, 'e 's a lamb!
'E 's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E 's the on'y thing that does n't care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantree.
So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You 're a pore benighted 'eathen', but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Fuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
You big black boundin' beggar — for you bruk a British square. "*Fuzzy-Wuzzy.*"

July 27.

WHEN you have seen the outside of a few hundred thousand of these homes and the insides of a few score, you begin to understand why the American (the respectable one) does not take a deep interest in what they call "politics," and why he is so vaguely and generally proud of the country that enables him to be so comfortable. How can the owner of a dainty chalet, with smoked-oak furniture, imitation Venetian tapestry curtains, hot and cold water laid on, a bed of geraniums and hollyhocks, a baby crawling down the veranda, and a self-acting twirly-whirly hose gently hissing over the grass in the balmy dusk of an August even-

ing — how can such a man despair of the Republic, or descend into the streets on voting days and mix cheerfully with "the boys"? *American Notes.*

July 28.

MEN are occasionally particular, and the least particular men are always the most exacting.

At the Pit's Mouth.

July 29.

SO it came to pass that, after some purchase of horse-flesh and arrangements financial and political, Dick was made free of the New and Honorable Fraternity of war correspondents, who all possess the inalienable right of doing as much work as they can and getting as much for it as Providence and their owners shall please. To these things are added in time, if the brother be worthy, the power of glib speech that neither man nor woman can resist when a meal or a bed is in question, the eye of a horse-coper, the skill of a cook, the constitution of a bullock, the digestion of an ostrich, and an infinite adaptability to all circumstances. But many die before they attain to this degree; and the past-masters in the craft appear for the most part in dress-clothes when they are in England, and thus is their glory hidden from the multitude. *The Light that Failed.*

July 30.

MADAME BINAT knew everybody whose help or advice were worth anything. They were not respectable folks, but they could cause things to be accomplished, which is much more important when there is work toward.

The Light that Failed.

July 31.

"THOU lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer."

"I love more, because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together; and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I know," said Ameera, in a very small whisper.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

August 1.

ONE of the few advantages that India has over England is a great Knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with the two or three hundred civilians in his province, all the messes of ten or twelve regiments and batteries, and some fifteen hundred other people of the non-official caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of twenty he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the Empire, and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel-bills.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw.

August 2.

MY hosts were working, or had worked for their daily bread with pen or paint, and their talk for the most part was of the shop — shoppy — that is to say, delightful.

American Notes.

August 3.

MRS. BOULTE hated her husband with the hate of a woman who has met with nothing but kindness from her mate, and, in the teeth of this kindness, has done him a great wrong. *A Wayside Comedy.*

August 4.

WE are n't no thin red 'eroes, nor we are n't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck is n't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.
While it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy fall be'ind;"
But it 's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there 's trouble in the wind,
There 's trouble in the wind, my boys, there 's trouble in the wind,
O it 's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there 's trouble in the wind. *"Tommy."*

August 5.

A FLUSHED, dishevelled, bedevilled scallawag, with his helmet at the back of his head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle-bone. He was n't pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man. *The Light that Failed.*

August 6.

IT is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass, and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements, will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw.*

August 7.

CAPT. G. — Ssssteady ! I 've a notion that a friend of yours is looking at you.

MRS. H. — He ! I *hate* him. He introduced you to me.

CAPT. G. — (*Aside.*) And some people would like women to assist in making the laws.

The Tents of Kedar.

August 8.

I AM hopelessly in love with about eight American maidens, — all perfectly delightful till the next one comes into the room. *American Notes.*

August 9.

IF you 've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,
If you 've ever snigged the washin' frum the line,
If you 've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' frum such we are debarred,
For the same with British morals does not suit (*Cornet :*
Toot ! toot !) —
W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin' clobber
With the —

Chorus.

Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! lulu ! Loo ! loo ! Loot ! loot ! loot !
'Ow the loot !
Bloomin' loot !
That 's the thing to make the boys git up an' shoot !

Loot.

August 10.

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse
Was good beyond all earthly need;
But, on the other hand, her spouse
Was very, very bad indeed.
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,
And raced — but this she did not know.

The Mare's Nest.

August 11.

DICK laughed. "Well, it 's only to you I 'm talking. I did him just as well as I knew how, making allowance for the slickness of oils. Then the art-manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers would n't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent, — man being naturally gentle when he 's fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more color. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an art-manager. I took my 'Last Shot' back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots, — observe the high light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle, — rifles are always clean on service, — because that is Art. I pipe-clayed his helmet, — pipe-clay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern-plate. Price, thank Heaven, twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent."

The Light that Failed.

August 12.

FOR it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute ! "
But it 's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot ;
An' it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please ;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that Tommy sees !

"Tommy."

August 13.

WAS there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease, —
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise — but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

Departmental Ditties.

August 14.

AGAIN and again I loitered at the heels of a couple of resplendent beings, only to overhear, when I expected the level voice of culture, the staccato "Sez he," "Sez I" that is the mark of the white servant-girl all the world over.

American Notes.

August 15.

"AN' thin — an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in — my Dinah — her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread of her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly room when ut 's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me mustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall." *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

August 16.

"SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love?"
"We 're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e 's maybe give the slip,
An' you 'd best go look for a new love."
New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you 'd better dry your eyes,
An' you 'd best go look for a new love.
Soldier, Soldier.

August 17.

SHE was kittenish in her manners, wearing generally an air of soft and fluffy innocence. But she was deadlily learned and evil-instructed; and, now and again, when the mask dropped, men saw this, shuddered, and — almost drew back. *At the Pit's Mouth.*

August 18.

O-TOYO was a darling, but she lacked several things — conversation for one. You cannot live on giggles.

American Notes.

August 19.

"'MOTHER av Hiven, sergint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin'. 'But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.' ''T is wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I. 'Bekase you 've been thraipsin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother Shadd. 'I 'll thraipse no more,' sez I."

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

August 20.

"ONLY lie still whin you're in foreign parts, an' the standin' luck av the British army will carry ye through. That is an epigram. I made ut."

The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.

August 21.

IF we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is scarred on the course.

Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth forever Remorse.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz.

August 22.

"WID that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at gineral p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'lryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarthers or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'T was 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day t 'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekase av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 't is you that are in fault."

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

August 23.

HEATHERLEGH is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariable prescription to all his patients is, "Lie low, go slow, and keep cool." He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw.

August 24.

SHE did not die — men of Schreiderling's stamp marry women who don't die easily. They live and grow ugly.

The Other Man.

August 25.

YEERE repeated the incident to Mrs. Hauksbee. He had come to look upon her as his Mother Confessor.

"And you apologized!" she said. "Oh, shame! I *hate* a man who apologizes. . . . It's a man's business to be insolent and overbearing until he meets with a stronger. Now, you bad boy, listen to me."

Simply and straightforwardly, as the 'rickshaw loitered round Jakko, Mrs. Hauksbee preached to Otis Yeere the Great Gospel of Conceit.

The Education of Otis Yeere.

August 26.

"ON top o' my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf: 'Terence, you 're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesilf, 'For the glory av ut.' Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf. 'Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me. ''T is the same thing,' sez I to mysilf. 'Av you 're the same man, ut is,' said mesilf to me. An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

August 27.

"NEVER show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an', begad, she 'll come bleatin' to your boot heels." *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

August 28.

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam — she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)
There 's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses —
There 's 'er mark on the medical stores —
An' 'er troopers you 'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars! — barbarious wars!)
Then 'ere 's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere 's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars! — Victorier's sons!)

The Sons of the Widow.

August 29.

ORIGINALLY the cliffs and their approaches must have been pretty, but they have been so carefully defiled with advertisements that they are now one big blistered abomination. *American Notes.*

August 30.

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea :
'Ere 's September come again — the six-year men are free.
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away
To where the ship 's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.
We 're goin' 'ome, we 're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I 'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man. *Troopin'*.

August 31.

I WAS the offender, and I knew it. That knowledge transformed my pity into passive endurance, and, eventually, into blind hate, — the same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man to savagely stamp on the spider he has but half killed. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw.*

September 1.

"'DID you fight for me then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"'Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

"'I was n't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.

"'That 's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"'Yes,' sez she, in a saint's whisper; an' at that I explained mesilf; an' she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an' many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"'But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah, darlin'?' sez I.

"'Your — your bloody cheek,' sez she, duckin' her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angel.

"Now, a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an' my first kiss wid it. Mother av innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye, an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd, like two little childher, an' she said it was no bad thing; an' ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha' picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was." *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

September 2.

SWEET and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian "spin" in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk — yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive. *American Notes.*

September 3.

DOES the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash?*
Does grass clothe a new-built wall?
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in her thrall?
Certain Maxims of Hafiz.

September 4.

A BRITON'S first impulse, I believe, is to guard the contents of his pockets. *The Strange Ride.*

September 5.

WHEN idleness of all eternity
Becomes our furlough.
The Last Department.

September 6.

"'THE tay 's not quite sweet enough for me taste. Put your little finger in the cup, Judy; 't will make ut necthar.'

"'What 's necthar?' sez she.

"'Somethin' very sweet,' sez I; an' for the sinful life av me I cud not help lookin' at her out av the corner av me eye, as I was used to look at a woman.

"'Go on wid ye, corp'ril,' sez she. 'You 're a flirt.'

"'On me sowl I 'm not,' sez I.

"'Then you 're a cruel handsome man, an' that 's worse,' sez she, heavin' big sighs an' lookin' crossways.

"'You know your own mind,' sez I.

"''T wud be better for me if I did not,' she sez.

"'There 's a dale to be said on both sides av that,' sez I, not thinkin'.

"'Say your own part av ut, then, Terence, darlin,' sez she; 'for, begad, I 'm thinkin I 've said too much or too little for an honest girl;' an' wid that she put her arms round me neck an' kissed me. *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

September 7.

TORPENHOW came into the studio at dusk, and looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together, and are yoked by custom and use and the intimacies of toil. This is a good love, and, since it allows, and even encourages, strife, recrimination, and the most brutal sincerity, does not die, but increases, and is proof against any absence and evil conduct.

The Light that Failed.

September 8.

WHITE hands cling to the tightened rein,
Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
Tenderest voices cry, "Turn again,"
Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel,
High hopes faint on a warm hearth-stone —
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

L'Envoi to *The Story of the Gadsbys.*

September 9.

SHE was a fair woman, with very still gray eyes, the color of a lake just before the light of the sun touches it. No man who had seen those eyes could, later on, explain what fashion of woman she was to look upon. The eyes dazzled him. Her own sex said that she was "not bad looking, but spoilt by pretending to be so grave."

A Wayside Comedy.

September 10.

IT may be this sense of possible disaster in the air that makes San Francisco society go with so captivating a rush and whirl. Recklessness is in the air. I can't explain where it comes from, but there it is. The roaring winds of the Pacific make you drunk to begin with. The aggressive luxury on all sides helps out the intoxication, and you spin forever "down the ringing grooves of change" (there is no small change, by the way, west of the Rockies) as long as money lasts. *American Notes.*

September 11.

DEATH, having once laid his hand upon these men and forborne to strike, seemed to stand aloof from them now; for most of our company were old men, bent and worn and twisted with years, and women aged to all appearance as the Fates themselves. *The Strange Ride.*

September 12.

"ONCE when I was out in the Soudan I went over some ground that we had been fighting on for three days. There were twelve hundred dead; and we had n't time to bury them."

"How ghastly!"

"I had been at work on a big double-sheet sketch, and I was wondering what people would think of it at home. The sight of that field taught me a good deal. It looked just like a bed of horrible toadstools in all colors, and — I 'd never seen men in bulk go back to their beginnings before. So I began to understand that men and women were only material to work with, and that what they said or did was of no consequence. See? Strictly speaking, you might just as well put your ear down to the palette to catch what your colors are saying."

"Dick, that 's disgraceful." *The Light that Failed.*

September 13.

SHE never moved a finger to attract any one; but, like Ninon de l'Enclos, all men were attracted to her.

Venus Annodomini.

September 14.

THE colonel, rising, said: "Mr. Vice, the Queen;" and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered: "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener, wherever he be, by land or by sea.

The Man Who Was.

September 15.

IF he play, being young and unskilful, for
Shekels of silver and gold,
Take his money, my son, praising Allah;
The kid was ordained to be sold.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz.

September 16.

IT is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces.

The Man Who Was.

September 17.

"YOU could tell Greenhow Hill folk by the red-apple color o' their cheeks an' nose tips, an' their blue eyes, driven into pin-points by the wind."

On Greenhow Hill.

September 18.

SHE 'S quite right. It will hurt a little. I shall have to see her every Sunday, — like a young man courting a housemaid. She 's sure to come round ; and yet — that mouth is n't a yielding mouth. I shall be wanting to kiss her all the time, and I shall have to look at her pictures, — I don't even know what sort of work she does yet, — and I shall have to talk about Art, — Woman's Art ! Therefore, particularly and perpetually, damn all varieties of Art. It did me a good turn once, and now it 's in my way.

The Light that Failed.

September 19.

"'E DID N'T seem to know the use o' fear."

Gunga Din.

September 20.

THERE lie several sorts of success in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope. *American Notes.*

September 21.

"OH, he was a beautiful bhoy, an' the long black curses was sliding out av his innocint mouth like mornin'-jew from a rose ! " *With the Main Guard.*

September 22.

ONE may fall but he falls by himself—
Falls by himself with himself to blame;
One may attain and to him is the pelf,
Loot of the city in Gold or Fame:
Plunder of earth shall be all his own
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

LEnvoi to *The Story of the Gadsbys.*

September 23.

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There 's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks 'o me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say,
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

Mandalay.

September 24.

WE talked politics,—the politics of Loaferdom, that sees things from the underside, where the lath and plaster is not smoothed off.

The Man who would be King.

September 25.

NOW, if you must marry, take care she is old —
A troop-sergeant's widow 's the nicest, I 'm told —
For beauty won't help if your vittles is cold,
An' love ain't enough for a soldier.

The Young British Soldier.

September 26.

THE blue smoke curled back from the ceiling in clouds. Then Torpenhow, insinuatingly, —

"Dick, is it a woman?"

"Be hanged if it 's anything remotely resembling a woman; and if you begin to talk like that, I 'll hire a red-brick studio with white-paint trimmings, and begonias and petunias and blue Hungarias to play among three-and-six-penny pot-palms, and I 'll mount all my pics in aniline-dye plush plasters, and I 'll invite every woman who yelps and maunders and moans over what her guide-books tell her is Art, and you shall receive 'em, Torp, — in a snuff-brown velvet coat with yellow trousers and an orange tie. You 'll like that."

"Too thin, Dick. A better man than you denied with cursing and swearing on a memorable occasion. You 've overdone it, just as he did." *The Light that Failed.*

September 27.

"I SAY, old man," said Torpenhow, who had made one or two vain attempts at conversation, "I have n't put your back up by anything I 've said lately, have I?"

"You! No. How could you?"

"Liver out of order?"

"The truly healthy man does n't know he has a liver. I 'm only a bit worried about things in general. I suppose it 's my soul."

"The truly healthy man does n't know he has a soul. What business have you with luxuries of that kind?"

"It came of itself. Who 's the man that says that we 're all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding?"

"He 's right, whoever he is, — except about the misunderstanding. I don't think we could misunderstand each other." *The Light that Failed.*

September 28.

I WAS up the bank lying full-length on the sweet-scented grass and gasping in company with my first salmon caught, played, and landed on an eight-ounce rod. My hands were cut and bleeding, I was dripping with sweat, spangled like a harlequin with scales, water from my waist down, nose peeled by the sun, but utterly, supremely, and consummately happy. *American Notes.*

September 29.

THE players were not conscious of any special regard for each other. They squabbled whenever they met; but they ardently desired to meet, as men without water desire to drink. They were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness. They were all under thirty years of age — which is too soon for any man to possess that knowledge. *At the End of the Passage.*

September 30.

PLEASANT the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage. *Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

October 1.

NATIVE States were created by Providence in order to supply picturesque scenery, tigers, and tall writing. They are the dark places of the earth, full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the Railway and the Telegraph on one side, and, on the other, the days of Harun-al-Raschid. *The Man who would be King.*

October 2.

WHEREFORE the more ye be holpen and stayed —
Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,
Sing the heretical song I have made —
His be the labor and yours be the spoil.
Win by his aid, and the aid disown —
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

L'Envoi to *The Story of the Gadsbys.*

October 3.

I THINK they call it the Riverside Geyser. Its spout was torn and ragged like the mouth of a gun when a shell has burst there. It grumbled madly for a moment or two, and then was still. I crept over the steaming lime — it was the burning marl on which Satan lay — and looked fearfully down its mouth. You should never look a gift geyser in the mouth.

I beheld a horrible, slippery, slimy funnel with water rising and falling ten feet at a time. Then the water rose to lip level with a rush, and an infernal bubbling troubled this Devil's Bethesda before the sullen heave of the crest of a wave lapped over the edge and made me run.

American Notes.

October 4.

THERE is not the least difficulty in doing a thing if you only know how to do it; the trouble is to explain your method. *The Light that Failed.*

October 5.

SOLITUDE of the soul he knew — none better; but he had never been ten miles away from his fellow-men in his life. *A Conference of the Powers.*

October 6.

"THERE'S a queer grim Dutch touch about your painting that I like; but I've a notion that you're weak in drawing. You foreshorten as though you never used the model, and you've caught Kami's pasty way of dealing with flesh in shadow. Then, again, though you don't know it yourself, you shirk hard work. Suppose you spend some of your time on line alone. Line doesn't allow of shirking. Oils do, and three square inches of flashy, tricky stuff in the corner of a pic sometimes carry a bad thing off, — as I know. That's immoral."

The Light that Failed.

October 7.

"DO line-work for a little while, and then I can tell more about your powers, as old Kami used to say." Maisie protested; she did not care for the pure line.

"I know," said Dick. "You want to do your fancy heads with a bunch of flowers at the base of the neck to hide bad modelling." The red-haired girl laughed a little. "You want to do landscapes with cattle knee-deep in grass to hide bad drawing. You want to do a great deal more than you can do. You have sense of color, but you want form. Color 's a gift, — put it aside and think no more about it, — but form you can be drilled into. Now, all your fancy heads — and some of them are very good — will keep you exactly where you are. With line you must go forward or backward, and it will show up all your weaknesses."

"But other people — " began Maisie.

"You must n't mind what other people do. If their souls were your soul, it would be different. You stand and fall by your own work, remember, and it 's waste of time to think of any one else in this battle."

The Light that Failed.

October 8.

A WOMAN may love one man and despise another, but on general feminine principles she will do her best to save the man she despises from being defrauded. Her loved one can look to himself, but the other man, being obviously an idiot, needs protection.

The Light that Failed.

October 9.

IT was just the sort of dinner and evening to make a man think of every single one of his past sins, and of all the others that he intended to commit if he lived.

Sleep, for several hundred reasons, was not easy. The lamp in the bathroom threw the most absurd shadows into the room, and the wind was beginning to talk nonsense.

My Own True Ghost Story.

October 10.

MAIDENS, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I —
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany : —
"*Love like ours can never die!*"

The Lovers' Litany.

October 11.

TO rear a boy under what parents call the "sheltered life system" is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles ; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportions of things.

Thrown Away.

October 12.

LOOK to a man who has the counsel of a woman of or above the world to back him. So long as he keeps his head, he can meet both sexes on equal ground, — an advantage never intended by Providence, who fashioned Man on one day and Woman on another, in sign that neither should know more than a very little of the other's life. Such a man goes far, or, the counsel being withdrawn, collapses suddenly while his world seeks the reason.

The Education of Otis Yeere.

October 13.

I COULD never stand the Plains.
Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace,
I should sweat and lie awake.
Rail me then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

A Ballad of Burial.

October 14.

"AS a general rule," he explained to his chin-lathered reflection in the morning, "it is n't safe to cross an old trail twice. Things remind one of things, and a cold wind gets up, and you feel sad; but this is an exception to every rule that ever was." *The Light that Failed.*

October 15.

AMEERA, at the end of each weary day, would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little — just a little — more care it might have been saved. There are not many hells worse than this, but he knows one who has sat down temporarily to consider whether he is or is not responsible for the death of his wife.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

October 16.

"I'D take any punishment that 's in store for him if I could; but the worst of it is, no man can save his brother." *The Light that Failed.*

October 17.

WITHOUT warning or preparation I looked into a gulf seventeen hundred feet deep, with eagles and fish-hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of color, — crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon, and silver-gray in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs — men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone River ran, a finger-wide strip of jade green. *American Notes.*

October 18.

SHE was a little, brown, thin, almost skinny woman, with big, rolling, violet-blue eyes, and the sweetest manners in the world. You had only to mention her name at afternoon teas for every woman in the room to rise up, and call her — well — *not* — blessed. She was clever, witty, brilliant, and sparkling beyond most of her kind, but possessed of many devils of malice and mischievousness. She could be nice, though, even to her own sex. But that is another story. *Three and — an Extra.*

October 19.

HIS speech is of mortgaged bedding,
On his kine he borrows yet,
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.
He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop;
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop.

The Masque of Plenty.

October 20.

IN the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are astir at the close of the day —
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat — let the tiger turn tail —
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

The Overland Mail.

October 21.

SOME eight dear, affectionate lady-friends explained the situation at length to her in case she should miss the cream of it. Mrs. Bremmil listened quietly, and thanked them for their good offices. She was not as clever as Mrs. Hauksbee, but she was no fool. She kept her own counsel, and did not speak to Bremmil of what she had heard. This is worth remembering. Speaking to, or crying over, a husband never did any good yet. *Three and — an Extra.*

October 22.

THAT lying proverb which says the Pen is mightier than the Sword. *On the City Wall.*

October 23.

SUNDAY after Sunday, and his love grew with each visit, he had been compelled to cram his heart back from between his lips when it prompted him to kiss Maisie several times and very much indeed. Sunday after Sunday, the head above the heart had warned him that Maisie was not yet attainable, and that it would be better to talk as connectedly as possible upon the mysteries of the craft that was all in all to her. Therefore it was his fate to endure weekly torture in the studio built out over the clammy back garden of a frail stuffy little villa where nothing was ever in its right place, and nobody ever called, — to endure and to watch Maisie moving to and fro with the teacups. He abhorred tea, but, since it gave him a little longer time in her presence, he drank it devoutly. *The Light that Failed.*

October 24.

YOU 've youth, that 's one — good workmen — that means two
Fair chances in your favor. Fate 's the third.

One Viceroy Resigns.

October 25.

I HAVE struck a city — a real city — and they call it Chicago.

The other places do not count. San Francisco was a pleasure-resort as well as a city, and Salt Lake was a phenomenon.

This place is the first American city I have encountered. It holds rather more than a million of people with bodies, and stands on the same sort of soil as Calcutta. Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again.

American Notes.

October 26.

THEN says Mrs. Hauksbee to me — she looked a trifle faded and jaded in the lamplight: "Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool."

Three and — an Extra.

October 27.

THE older ones have lost their aspirations; the younger are putting theirs aside with a sigh. Both learn to endure patiently until the end of the day.

The Education of Otis Yeere.

October 28.

NOW India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously — the mid-day sun always excepted. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink. Flirtation does not matter, because every one is being transferred and either you or she leave the Station, and never return. Good work does not matter, because a man is judged by his worst output and another man takes all the credit of his best as a rule. Bad work does not matter, because other men do worse, and incompetents hang on longer in India than anywhere else. Amusements do not matter, because you must repeat them as soon as you have accomplished them once, and most amusements only mean trying to win another person's money. Sickness does not matter, because it 's all in the day's work, and if you die another man takes over your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial. Nothing matters except Home furlough and acting allowances, and these only because they are scarce. This is a slack, *kutcha* country, where all men work with imperfect instruments; and the wisest thing is to take no one and nothing in earnest, but to escape as soon as ever you can to some place where amusement is amusement and a reputation worth the having.

Thrown Away.

October 29.

"THIN I called myself a blayguard for thinkin' such things; but I thought thim all the same. An' that, mark you, is the way av a man." *The Solid Muldoon.*

October 30.

WHEN the Youghals came into the station, Strickland — very gravely, as he did everything — fell in love with Miss Youghal; and she, after a while, fell in love with him because she could not understand him.

Miss Youghal's Sais.

October 31.

"WATCH the hand," said Mulvaney; "av she shuts her hand tight, thumb down over the knuckle, take up your hat an' go. You 'll only make a fool av yoursilf av you shtay. But av the hand lies opin on the lap, or av you see her thryin' to shut ut, an' she can't — go on! She 's not past reasonin' wid." *The Solid Muldoon.*

November 1.

HE would forget all about her for a fortnight, and remember her with a start, like a school-boy who has forgotten to learn his lesson. She did not forget Phil, because she was of the kind that never forgets.

"*Yoked with an Unbeliever.*"

November 2.

"YOU prefer to stay here and imagine that all the world is gaping at your pictures? Just think how full an average man's life is of his own pursuits and pleasures. When twenty thousand of him find time to look up between mouthfuls and grunt something about something they are n't the least interested in, the net result is called fame, reputation, or notoriety, according to the taste and fancy of the speller." *The Light that Failed.*

November 3.

SEEK not for favor of women. So shall you find it indeed. *Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

November 4.

O YOUTH, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you 're so young.
Forty from sixty — twenty years of work
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
You want to know, you want to see, to touch,
And, by your lights, to act. It 's natural.
I wonder can I help you. Let me try.
One Viceroy Resigns.

November 5.

NEVER praise a sister to a sister, in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears, and so preparing the way for you later on. Sisters are women first, and sisters afterwards; and you will find that you do yourself harm. *False Dawn.*

November 6.

"I WAS pershuaded — most bhoys *are*, I 'm thinkin' — that no woman born av woman cud stand against me av I hild up me little finger." *The Solid Muldoon.*

November 7.

VERY many women took an interest in Saumarez, perhaps because his manner to them was offensive. If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance, he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterwards. *False Dawn.*

November 8.

"I 'M sorry. You asked me to speak the truth. Besides, I love you too much to pretend about your work. It 's strong, it 's patient sometimes, — not always, — and sometimes there 's power in it, but there 's no special reason why it should be done at all. At least, that 's how it strikes me."

"There 's no special reason why anything in the world should ever be done. You know that as well as I do. I only want success." *The Light that Failed.*

November 9.

"FAITH, it 's a good thing to be nursed by a woman when you 're sick!" said Mulvaney. "Dirt cheap at the price av twenty broken heads."

Ortheris turned to frown across the valley. He had not been nursed by many women in his life.

On Greenhow Hill.

November 10.

"I NEVER seed the ale I could not drink, the 'bacca I could not smoke, nor the lass I could not kiss."

On Greenhow Hill.

November 11.

THE temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a new piano's tune —

Which of the three will you trust at the end of an Indian June? *Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

November 12.

GOD has arranged that a clean-run youth of the British middle classes shall, in the matter of backbone, brains, and bowels, surpass all other youths. For this reason, a child of eighteen will stand up, doing nothing, with a tin sword in his hand and joy in his heart until he is dropped. If he dies, he dies like a gentleman.

Drums of the Fore and Aft.

November 13.

"WHY am I wrong in trying to get a little success?"

"Just because you try. Don't you understand, darling? Good work has nothing to do with — does n't belong to — the person who does it. It 's put into him or her from outside."

"But how does that affect —"

"Wait a minute. All we can do is to learn how to do our work, to be masters of our materials instead of servants, and never to be afraid of anything."

"I understand that."

"Everything else comes from outside ourselves. Very good. If we sit down quietly to work out notions that are sent to us, we may or we may not do something that is n't bad. A great deal depends on being master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work — to play with one eye on the gallery — we lose power and touch and everything else. At least, that 's how I have found it."

The Light that Failed.

November 14.

"I HONESTLY believed that the world needed elevating and influencing, and all manner of impertinences, by my brushes. By Jove, I actually believed that! When my little head was bursting with a notion that I could n't handle because I had n't sufficient knowledge of my craft, I used to go about wondering at my own magnificence and getting ready to astonish the world."

"But surely one can do that sometimes?"

"Very seldom with malice aforethought, darling. And when it 's done it 's such a tiny thing, and the world 's so big, and all but a millionth part of it does n't care.

The Light that Failed.

November 15.

WALK wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf 'o creation she owns:
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we 've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars! — it 's blue with our bones!)
Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown,
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"

The Sons of the Widow.

November 16.

HAVING drafted his Resolution, he formed a Select Committee of One to sit upon it, and resolved to take his time. *False Dawn.*

November 17.

PERHAPS he has found out that he has a soul, or an artistic temperament, or something equally valuable. That comes of leaving him alone for a month.

The Light that Failed.

November 18.

"SURE the Blessed Virgin is the mother of all religion an' most women; an' there 's a dale av piety in a girl if the men would only let it stay there."

On Greenhow Hill.

November 19.

"HAPPEN it was as much 'Liza as th' preacher and her father, but anyways they all meaned it, an' I was fair shamed o' mysen, an' so become what they called a changed character. And when I think on, it 's hard to believe as yon chap going to prayer-meetin's, chapel, and class-meetin's were me. But I never had naught to say for mysen, though there was a deal o' shoutin', and old Sammy Strother, as were almost clemmed to death and doubled up with the rheumatics, would sing out, 'Joyful! joyful!' and 'at it were better to go up to heaven in a coal-basket than down to hell i' a coach an' six. And he would put his poor old claw on my shoulder, sayin': 'Does n't tha feel it, tha great lump? Does n't tha feel it?' An' sometimes I thought I did, and then again I thought I did n't, an' how was that?"

"The iverlastin' nature av mankind," said Mulvaney.

On Greenhow Hill.

November 20.

MAMMA'S own prayer was a slightly illogical one. Summarized it ran: "Let strangers love my children, and be as good to them as I should be; but let *me* preserve their love and their confidence forever and ever. Amen." Punch scratched himself in his sleep, and Judy moaned a little. That seems to be the only answer to the prayer. *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.*

November 21.

YOU 'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it is n't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There 's your East,
And you 're as wise as ever. So am I.
One Viceroy Resigns.

November 22.

OUTSIDE lay gloom of a November day in London. There was neither sky, sun, nor horizon — nothing but a brown-purple haze of heat. It was as though the earth were dying of apoplexy.

From time to time clouds of tawny dust rose from the ground without wind or warning, flung themselves table-cloth-wise among the tops of the parched trees, and came down again. Then a whirling dust-devil would scutter across the plain for a couple of miles, break, and fall outward. *At the End of the Passage.*

November 23.

"IF there 's a good working light to-morrow I lose a day." Maisie balanced the heavy white chestnut palette irresolutely. . . .

"You 'll lose ever so many more, dear, if you use every hour of working light. Overwork 's only murderous idleness." *The Light that Failed.*

November 24.

HE hid somewhere in his grimy little soul a genuine love for music, and was most mistakenly furnished with the head of a cherub; insomuch that beautiful ladies who watched the regiment in church were wont to speak of him as a "darling." They never heard his vitriolic comments on their manners and morals, as he walked back to barracks with the band. *Drums of the Fore and Aft.*

November 25.

"THEY was so good, th' chapel folk, that they tumbled ower t'other side. But I stuck to it for 'Liza's sake, specially as she was learning me to sing the bass part in a horotorio as Jesse were getting up. She sung like a throstle hersen, and we had practicin's night after night for a matter of three months."

"I know what a horotorio is," said Ortheris, pertly. "It 's a sort of chaplain's sing-song — words all out of the Bible, and hullabaloojah choruses."

On Greenhow Hill.

November 26.

AS the hot weather drew nearer, and Saumarez made no sign, women said that you could see their trouble in the eyes of the girls — that they were looking strained, anxious, and irritable. Men are quite blind in these matters unless they have more of the woman than the man in their composition, in which case it does not matter what they say or think. I maintain it was the hot April days that took the color out of the Copleigh girls' cheeks. They should have been sent to the Hills early. No one — man or woman — feels an angel when the hot weather is approaching. The younger sister grew more cynical — not to say acid — in her ways; and the winningness of the elder wore thin. There was more effort in it. *False Dawn.*

November 27.

"I KNOW by what you have just said that you 're on the wrong road to success. It is n't got at by sacrificing other people, — I 've had that much knocked into me: you must sacrifice yourself, and live under orders, and never think for yourself, and never have real satisfaction in your work except just at the beginning, when you 're reaching out after a notion."

"How can you believe all that?"

"There 's no question of belief or disbelief. That 's the law, and you take it or refuse it as you please. I try to obey, but I can't, and then my work turns bad on my hands. Under any circumstances, remember, four-fifths of everybody's work must be bad. But the remnant is worth the trouble for its own sake." *The Light that Failed.*

November 28.

TROOPIN', troopin', give another cheer —
'Ere 's to English women an' a quart of English beer;
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who 've got to stay,
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle — Whoop! we 're goin' 'ome to-day.

We 're goin' 'ome, we 're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I 'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man. *Troopin'.*

November 29.

"I HEARD a scufflin' in the room behind, and thin Dinah Shadd's hand dhropped into mine like a rose-leaf into a muddy road."

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

November 30.

THE very short winter afternoon had worn away, and, before they knew, the winter moon was walking the untroubled sea. Long ruled lines of silver showed where a ripple of the rising tide was turning over the mud-banks. The wind had dropped, and in the intense stillness they could hear a donkey cropping the frosty grass many yards away. A faint beating, like that of a muffled drum, came out of the moon-haze. *The Light that Failed.*

December 1.

I SAW that look on her face which only comes once or twice in a life-time — when a woman is perfectly happy and the air is full of trumpets and gorgeous-colored fire and the Earth turns into cloud because she loves and is loved. *False Dawn.*

December 2.

'ER petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd —
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay — *Mandalay.*

December 3.

WHEN a man does good work out of all proportion to his pay, in seven cases out of nine there is a woman at the back of the virtue. *His Chance in Life.*

December 4.

PLUFFLES was a subaltern in the "Unmentionables." He was callow, even for a subaltern. He was callow all over — like a canary that had not finished fledging itself. The worst of it was he had three times as much money as was good for him; Pluffles' Papa being a rich man and Pluffles being the only son. Pluffles' Mamma adored him. She was only a little less callow than Pluffles, and she believed everything he said.

Pluffles' weakness was not believing what people said. He preferred what he called "trusting to his own judgment." *The Rescue of Pluffles.*

December 5.

YOU may have noticed that many religious people are deeply suspicious. They seem — for purely religious purposes, of course — to know more about iniquity than the Unregenerate. Perhaps they were specially bad before they became converted! At any rate, in the imputation of things evil, and in putting the worst construction on things innocent, a certain type of good people may be trusted to surpass all others. *Watches of the Night.*

December 6.

HE had tasted for the first time Responsibility and Success. Those two make an intoxicating drink, and have ruined more men than ever has Whiskey.

His Chance in Life.

December 7.

OPEN the old cigar-box — let me consider anew —
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon *you?*

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke:
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I 'll have no Maggie for spouse.

The Betrothed.

December 8.

PUNCH was the extra boy about the house. There was no special place for him or his little affairs, and he was forbidden to sprawl on sofas and explain his ideas about the manufacture of this world and his hopes for his future. Sprawling was lazy and wore out sofas, and little boys were not expected to talk. *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.*

December 9.

THE first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Then comes thirst, throbbing, and agony, and a ridiculous amount of screaming. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

December 10.

YOU will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith, in the wilds; of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever-stricken jungle of the Panth Hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty Few pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation, and returned half distraught to the head mission, crying, "There is no God, but I have walked with the Devil!"

The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends.

The Judgment of Dungara.

December 11.

THERE was nothing good about Mrs. Reiver, unless it was her dress. She was bad from her hair — which started life on a Brittany girl's head — to her boot-heels which were two and three-eighths inches high. She was not honestly mischievous like Mrs. Hauksbee; she was wicked in a business-like way.

There was never any scandal — she had not generous impulses enough for that. She was the exception which proved the rule that Anglo-Indian ladies are in every way as nice as their sisters at Home. She spent her life in proving that rule.

The Rescue of Pluffles.

December 12.

TO each man is appointed his particular dread, — the terror that, if he does not fight against it, will cow him even to the loss of his manhood.

The Light that Failed.

December 13.

SO long as Lust or Lucre tempt
Straight riders from the course,
So long as with each drink we pour
Black brewage of Remorse,
So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner's head,
If you love me as I love you,
What can Life kill or Death undo?

An Old Song.

December 14.

AT a moderate estimate there were about three and twenty sides to that lady's character. Some men say more. She began to talk to Pluffles after the manner of a mother, and as if there had been three hundred years, instead of fifteen, between them. She spoke with a sort of throaty quaver in her voice which had a soothing effect, though what she said was anything but soothing. She pointed out the exceeding folly, not to say meanness, of Pluffles' conduct,

and the smallness of his views. Then he stammered something about "trusting to his own judgment as a man of the world;" and this paved the way for what she wanted to say next. It would have withered up Pluffles had it come from any other woman; but in the soft cooing style in which Mrs. Hauksbee put it, it only made him feel limp and repentant — as if he had been in some superior kind of church. Little by little, very softly and pleasantly, she began taking the conceit out of Pluffles, as you take the ribs out of an umbrella before re-covering it.

The Rescue of Pluffles.

December 15.

MY Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward — get out! She has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose who are lacking in lore. *Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

December 16.

A CAB–DRIVER volunteered to show me the glory of the town for so much an hour, and with him I wandered far. He conceived that all this turmoil and squash was a thing to be reverently admired, that it was good to huddle men together in fifteen layers, one atop of the other, and to dig holes in the ground for offices.

He said that Chicago was a live town, and that all the creatures hurrying by me were engaged in business. That

is to say they were trying to make some money that they might not die through lack of food to put into their bellies. He took me to canals as black as ink, and filled with untold abominations, and bid me watch the stream of traffic across the bridges. *American Notes.*

December 17.

"YOU 've been cooped up in the schools too long, and you think every one is looking at you. There are n't twelve hundred people in the world who understand pictures. The others pretend and don't care. It 's only the voice of the tiniest little fraction of people that makes success. The real world does n't care a tinker's — does n't care a bit."

The Light that Failed.

December 18.

SHE made no sign when Holden entered, because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away hides itself in a misty border-land where the living may not follow.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

December 19.

A MAN who rides much knows exactly what a horse is going to do next before he does it. In the same way, a woman of Mrs. Hauksbee's experience knows accurately how a boy will behave under certain circumstances.

The Rescue of Pluffles.

December 20.

WHEN a man is a Commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing open-work jam-tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a Member of Council, a Lieutenant-Governor, or a Viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say. There was a Commissioner in Simla, in those days, who was, and wore, and did, all I have said. He was a plain man — an ugly man — the ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe-head afterwards.

Cupid's Arrows.

December 21.

WHEN a matured man discovers that he has been deserted by Providence, deprived of his God, and cast without help, comfort, or sympathy upon a world which is new and strange to him, his despair, which may find expression in evil-living, the writing of his experiences, or the more satisfactory diversion of suicide, is generally supposed to be impressive. A child, under exactly similar circumstances, as far as its knowledge goes, cannot very well curse God and die. It howls till its nose is red, its eyes are sore, and its head aches. Punch and Judy, through no fault of their own, had lost all their world. They sat in the hall and cried. *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.*

December 22.

"MY heart was hung on a hair-trigger those days."

The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

December 23.

THIS may sound too sudden a revulsion for a long-wedded wife; but it is a venerable fact that, if a man or woman makes a practice of, and takes a delight in, believing and spreading evil of people indifferent to him or her, he or she will end in believing evil of folk very near and dear. You may think, also, that the mere incident of the watch was too small and trivial to raise this misunderstanding. It is another aged fact that, in life as well as racing, all the worst accidents happen at little ditches and cut-down fences.

Watches of the Night.

December 24.

HIGH noon behind the tamarisks — the sun is hot above us —
As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner — those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
Oh the toil that needs no breaking! Oh the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!
Youth was cheap — wherefore we sold it.
Gold was good — we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.

Christmas in India.

December 25.

BLACK night behind the tamarisks — the owls begin their chorus —
As the conches from the temple scream and bray.
With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us,
Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas Day!
Call a truce, then, to our labors — let us feast with friends and neighbors,
And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For if "faint and forced the laughter," and if sadness follow after,
We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

Christmas in India.

December 26.

WERE the Day of Doom to dawn to-morrow, you would find the Supreme Government "taking measures to allay popular excitement," and putting guards upon the graveyards that the Dead might troop forth orderly. The youngest Civilian would arrest Gabriel on his own responsibility if the Archangel could not produce a Deputy Commissioner's permission to "make music or other noises," as the form says. *On the City Wall.*

December 27.

HE thought he could do everything well; which is a beautiful belief when you hold it with all your heart. He was clever in many ways, and good to look at, and always made people round him comfortable.

Consequences.

December 28.

IT was a sin, a grievous sin, and Punch was talked to for a quarter of an hour. He could not understand where the iniquity came in, but was careful not to repeat the offence, because Aunty Rosa told him that God had heard every word he had said and was very angry. If this were true, why did n't God come and say so, thought Punch, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

December 29.

"I WON'T allow you to be spiteful and do bad work for a little thing like that. You can be so big that you must n't be tiny." *The Light that Failed.*

December 30.

THE ideal soldier should, of course, think for himself. . . . Unfortunately, to attain this virtue, he has to pass through the phase of thinking of himself, and that is misdirected genius. *Drums of the Fore and Aft.*

December 31.

IT may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more —
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?
God be thanked — whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men! *The Galley-Slave.*

Bibliography of First Editions

1885 Quartette, The Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Gazette. By Four Anglo-Indian Writers. Gray paper wrapper. 8vo. pp. 125. (Written entirely by members of the Kipling family. Includes "The Phantom 'Rickshaw" and "The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes, C. B.")

On Her Majesty's Service Only, Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses. To All Heads of Departments and All Anglo-Indians. Rudyard Kipling, Assistant. Department of Public Journalism, Lahore District. 1886. Oblong 8vo. Printed on one side only, on brown paper like a public document, at Lahore, by "The Civil and Military Gazette" Press.

Plain Tales from the Hills. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co. London: W. Thacker and Co. 1888. Cloth. 12mo. pp. xii–283.

Soldiers Three. A Collection of Stories setting forth Certain Passages in the Lives and Adventures of Private Terence Mulvaney, Stanley Ortheris, and John Learoyd. Done into type and Edited by Rudyard Kipling. Allahabad: Printed at the "Pioneer" Press. 1888. Gray paper covers. 12mo. pp. 97. Issued as No. 1 of A. H. Wheeler & Co.'s Indian Railway Library.

The Story of the Gadsbys. A tale without a plot. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1888. Gray paper covers. 12mo. pp. vi–100. No. 2 of A. H. Wheeler & Co.'s Indian Railway Library.

In Black & White. Allahabad : A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1888. Gray paper wrappers. 12mo. Introduction. pp. 106. No. 3 of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library.

Under the Deodars. Allahabad : A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1888. Gray paper wrappers. 12mo. Preface. pp. 106. No. 4 of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw, and Other Tales. Allahabad : A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1888. Gray paper wrappers. 12mo. pp. 104. No. 5 of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library.

Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories. Allahabad : A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1888. Gray paper covers. 12mo. pp. 96. No. 6 of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd, and Other Stories. With a Biographical and Critical Sketch by Andrew Lang. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1890. Paper covers. Portrait. 12mo. pp. xii–182.

Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses. Fourth edition. (Containing nine poems not previously collected.) Calcutta. Cloth. Square 8vo. 1890.

Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Fifth edition (containing several additional poems). Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co. London : W. Thacker & Co. Bombay : Thacker & Co., Limited. 1891. Cloth. 12mo. pp. vi–121.

The City of Dreadful Night and Other Places. Depicted by Rudyard Kipling. Allahabad : A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1891. Gray paper covers. 12mo. pp. 96. No. 14 of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library.

Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Sixth edition. 1891. Identical with 5th except for the addition of a Glossary of four pages.

Life's Handicap, being Stories of Mine Own People. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891. Cloth. 12mo. pp. xiii–351.

Letters of Marque. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1891. Cloth. 8vo. pp. iv–154.

The Light that Failed. Portrait. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. (In Lippincott's Magazine, January, 1891.) Paper, 8vo. pp. 97. (The text of the first English edition, London, 1891, is slightly different.)

American Notes. New York: M. J. Ivers & Co. 1891. Paper, 16mo. pp. 160. (Containing also *The Bottle Imp*, by R. L. Stevenson.)

Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses. London: Methuen & Co. 1892. Cloth. 12mo. pp. xix–208.

The Naulahka: A Story of West and East. London: William Heinemann. 1892. Cloth. 12mo. pp. vi–276. (An edition with rhymed chapter headings was copyrighted in the same year by Macmillan & Co.) *The Naulahka* was written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier.

Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. New York: Macmillan & Co., and London. 1892. Cloth. 12mo. pp. xvi–207.

Many Inventions. London: Macmillan & Co., and New York. 1893. Cloth. 12mo. pp. ix–365.

Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. (Containing additional poems.) New York: Macmillan & Co., and London. 1893. Cloth. 12mo. pp. xvi–217.

The Jungle Book. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake, and P. Frenzeny. London: Macmillan & Co., and New York. 1894. Cloth. 12mo. pp. vi–212.

The Second Jungle Book. Illustrated by J. Lockwood Kip-

ling. London: Macmillan & Co., and New York. 1895. Cloth. 12mo. pp. 238.

Out of India: Things I saw and failed to see in Certain Days and Nights at Jeypoore and Elsewhere. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1895. Cloth. 12mo. pp. vi–346.

The Seven Seas. London: Methuen & Co. 1896. Cloth. Small 8vo.

"*Captains Courageous*": A Story of the Grand Banks. Illustrations. New York: The Century Co. 1897. Cloth. 12mo. pp. viii–323.

The Day's Work. Cover design by the author. Illustrations. New York: Doubleday & McClure. 1898. Cloth. Crown 8vo. pp. 431.

Contents of Kipling's Early Prose Works

Plain Tales From the Hills

Lispeth
Three and — an Extra
Thrown Away
Miss Youghal's Sais
Yoked with an Unbeliever
False Dawn
The Rescue of Pluffles
Cupid's Arrows
The Three Musketeers
His Chance in Life
Watches of the Night
The Other Man
Consequences
The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin
The Taking of Lungtungpen
A Germ Destroyer
Kidnapped
The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly
In the House of Suddhoo
His Wedded Wife
The Broken-link Handicap
Beyond the Pale
In Error

Plain Tales From the Hills (*continued*)
A Bank Fraud
Tod's Amendment
The Daughter of the Regiment
In the Pride of His Youth
Pig
The Rout of the White Hussars
The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case
Venus Annodomini
The Bisara of Pooree
The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows
The Madness of Private Ortheris
The Story of Muhammad Din
On the Strength of a Likeness
Wressley of the Foreign Office
By Word of Mouth
To be Filed for Reference

Soldiers Three
The God from the Machine
Private Learoyd's Story
The Big Drunk Draf'
The Solid Muldoon
With the Main Guard
In the Matter of a Private
Black Jack

The Story of the Gadsbys
Poor Dear Mamma
The World Without
The Tents of Kedar
With Any Amazement
The Garden of Eden

The Story of the Gadsbys (*continued*)
Fatima
The Valley of the Shadow
The Swelling of Jordan

In Black & White
Dray Wara Yow Dee
The Judgment of Dungara
At Howli Thana
Gemini
At Twenty-Two
In Flood Time
The Sending of Dana Da
On the City Wall

Under the Deodars
The Education of Otis Yeere
At the Pit's Mouth
A Wayside Comedy
The Hill of Illusion
A Second-Rate Woman
Only a Subaltern

The Phantom 'Rickshaw and other Tales
The Phantom 'Rickshaw
My Own True Ghost Story
The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes
The Man who would be King

Wee Willie Winkie and other Stories
Wee Willie Winkie
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep
His Majesty the King
The Drums of the Fore and Aft

The Courting of Dinah Shadd and other Stories
The Courting of Dinah Shadd
The Man Who Was
A Conference of the Powers
Without Benefit of Clergy
On Greenhow Hill
The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney

Index

I. VERSE

Ballad of Burial, A, 101.
Ballad of East and West, The, 20, 23.
Betrothed, The, 39, 120.
Certain Maxims of Hafiz, 81, 87, 91, 96, 108, 110, 123.
Christmas in India, 126, 127.
Conundrum of the Workshops, The, 35, 36, 59.
Danny Deever, 54, 58.
Delilah, 57, 61.
Departmental Ditties (Prefatory poem), 79.
Evarra and His Gods, 2.
Explanation, The, 9.
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy," 72.
Galley-Slave, The, 128.
General Summary, 49, 51, 56.
Gift of the Sea, The, 5.
Griffen's Debt, 9.
Gunga Din, 92.
In June, 56.
In Springtime, 31, 32.
Last Department, The, 7, 17, 87.
L'Envoi, 12.
L'Envoi (in *Soldiers Three*), 33
L'Envoi to *The Story of the Gadsbys*, 37, 89, 93, 97.
Loot, 77.

Lover's Litany, The, 100.
Man Who Could Write, The, 68.
Mandalay, 15, 93, 118.
Mare's Nest, The, 66, 78.
Masque of Plenty, The, 103.
Old Song, An, 28, 122.
One Viceroy Resigns, 2, 11, 105, 109, 114.
Our Lady of the Snows, 19, 24, 27.
Overland Mail, The, 103.
Recessional, 1, 3, 7, 13, 16.
Screw Guns, 42.
Soldier, Soldier, 80.
Sons of the Widow, The, 84, 112.
"Tommy," 66, 70, 76, 79.
Troopin', 85, 117.
Vampire, The, 38, 44, 47.
Young British Soldier, The, 43, 94.

II. PROSE

American Notes, 54, 60, 62, 65, 67, 68, 72, 75, 77, 79, 81, 84, 87, 89, 92, 95, 97, 102, 105, 123.
At the End of the Passage, 43, 53, 55, 95, 114.
At the Pit's Mouth, 73, 80.
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, 40, 45, 114, 120, 125, 128.
Big Drunk Draf', The, 46.
Bisara of Pooree, The, 23, 24.
Black Jack, 30, 31, 32.
Bronckhorst Divorce-Case, The, 19, 20, 21.
Conference of the Powers, A, 98.
Consequences, 127.
Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 13.

Index

Courting of Dinah Shadd, The, 60, 62, 64, 66, 67, 71, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 88, 117, 125.
Cupid's Arrows, 125.
Dray Wara Yow Dee, 17, 32, 34.
Drums of the Fore and Aft, 3, 70, 111, 115, 128.
Education of Otis Yeere, The, 3, 5, 18, 19, 22, 23, 39, 83, 101, 105.
False Dawn, 109, 112, 116, 118.
Garden of Eden, The, 42, 45, 48.
Gemini, 34.
Germ Destroyer, A, 6, 7, 8.
God from the Machine, The, 37, 41, 48.
His Chance in Life, 118, 119.
His Wedded Wife, 12.
In Error, 12, 14, 16.
In Flood Time, 18, 24, 34, 70.
In the Pride of His Youth, 15.
Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney, The, 43, 45, 59, 81.
Judgment of Dungara, The, 33, 61, 121.
Kidnapped, 7, 10, 11, 14, 17.
Light that Failed, The, 1, 4, 14, 15, 39, 42, 44, 46, 47, 50, 52, 57, 58, 67, 71, 73, 76, 78, 88, 90, 92, 94, 98, 99, 101, 102, 104, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113, 115, 116, 117, 122, 124, 128.
Lispeth, 39, 51, 52.
Madness of Private Ortheris, The, 26.
Man who Was, The, 40, 57, 68, 69, 91.
Man who would be King, The, 93, 97.
Miss Youghal's Sais, 107.
Mutiny of the Mavericks, The, 31, 40, 57.
My Own True Ghost Story, 100.
Namgay Doola, 69.

On Greenhow Hill, 29, 50, 53, 91, 110, 113, 115.
On the City Wall, 35, 49, 104, 127.
On the Strength of a Likeness, 10, 26.
Other Man, The, 83.
Phantom 'Rickshaw, The, 75, 76, 82, 85.
Pig, 18.
Private Learoyd's Story, 36.
Recrudescence of Imray, The, 49.
Rescue of Pluffles, The, 119, 121, 122, 124.
Second-Rate Woman, A, 20, 21, 25, 33, 69.
Sending of Dana Da, 21.
Solid Muldoon, The, 6, 37, 38, 106, 107, 109.
Strange Ride, The, 87, 90.
Taking of Lungtungpen, The, 6.
Tents of Kedar, The, 38, 70, 77.
Three and — an Extra, 59, 61, 103, 104, 105.
Thrown Away, 64, 100, 106.
To be Filed for Reference, 29, 30.
Venus Annodomini, 22, 25, 27, 90.
Watches of the Night, 1, 119, 126.
Wayside Comedy, A, 75, 89.
With Any Amazement, 41.
With the Main Guard, 41, 48, 92.
Without Benefit of Clergy, 74, 102, 120, 124.
Wressley of the Foreign Office, 28, 29.
"Yoked with an Unbeliever," 4, 108.

Subject Index to the Prose Selections

Advertisements disfigure the landscape, *Aug.* 29.
Ale, 'bacca, and lasses, *Nov.* 10.
America is temptingly spankable, *July* 10.
American assurance, *July* 4.
American girls, *Aug.* 8, *Sept.* 2.
American homes, *July* 27.
Americans have no language, *June* 30.
American's nasal accent, the, *June* 23.
Apprehension of danger, *Feb.* 3.
Arranging marriages, *Feb.* 2.
Asia, the civilization of, *May* 1.
At the Yellowstone, *Oct.* 17.
Atheism, *Jan.* 13, *Jan.* 14.
Austere love of men for men, *Sept.* 7.

Bad woman, a, *Dec.* 11.
Battlefield, a, *Sept.* 12.
"Beautiful bhoy," a, *Sept.* 21.
Beautiful Irish girl, a, *Jan.* 18.
Beauty of self-assurance, the, *Dec.* 27.
Believing the best or the worst, *July* 17.
Blackguards and gentlemen, *Jan.* 8.
Blind hate, *Aug.* 31.
Boy's fallacy, a, *Nov.* 6.
Briton's first impulse, a, *Sept.* 4.
Brutal "chaff," *Feb.* 26.
Burial rites, *May* 2.

Callow youth, a, *Dec.* 4.
"Changed Character," a, *Nov.* 19.
Chicago, *Oct.* 25, *Dec.* 16.
Childhood Creed, the return to, *June* 15.
Civilian versus soldier, *Feb.* 22.
Clean-run British youth, a, *Nov.* 12.
Cleanliness, *May* 10.
Color and form in painting, *Oct.* 7.
Color in the Soudan, *May* 31.
Confession of love, *May* 13.
Confession, the value of, *Feb.* 17.
Confidence in quiet men, *March* 3.
Country where nothing matters, the, *Oct.* 28.
Covetousness, *April* 20.
Credit for another's salvation, *Feb.* 15.
Crossing old trails, *Oct.* 14.

Danger of success, *April* 29.
Danger of tippling, *Feb.* 5.
Darwinism and Heaven, *May* 24.
Day of Doom and the Government, *Dec.* 26.
Death from overwork, *Aug.* 23.
Death standing aloof, *Sept.* 11.
Deceptive "cherub," a, *Nov.* 24.
Deceptive innocence, *Aug.* 17.
Depth of hatred, the, *April* 12.
Descending to popular taste, *June* 18.
Despair felt by children, *Dec.* 21.
Dick's denial, *Sept.* 26.
Dinah's hand, *Nov.* 29.
Dinah Shadd meets Mulvaney, *Aug.* 15.
Disillusion, *Oct.* 27.
Disobedience to an order, *April* 8.
Doing and explaining, *Oct.* 4.
During the honeymoon, *May* 9.

Each man's especial dread, *Dec.* 12.
Earnestness, *Feb.* 23.
Efficiency *vs.* Respectability, *July* 30.
Empty place in the soul, *Aug.* 26.
Everything for Love's sake, *July* 19.

Exacting and particular men, *July* 28.
Extra boy, the, *Dec.* 8.
Eyes, a woman's, *Sept.* 9.

False art, *July* 24.
Fatal ease of marriage ceremony, *Feb.* 14.
Faulty creed, a, *Jan.* 29.
Fearlessness, *Sept.* 19.
First kiss, the, *June* 5.
First salmon, the, *Sept.* 28.
Flame of Love, the, *April* 15.
Flirtation, *Sept.* 6.
Folly the path to wisdom, *May* 30.
Forgiveness in man and woman, *June* 4.
Friendship in America, *July* 13.
Future of British Army, *July* 21.

Giggles, *Aug.* 18.
Gloomy mood, a, *Sept.* 27.
Glory and the belly-ache, *June* 24.
God's anger with little boys, *Dec.* 28.
God's sense of humor, *June* 17.
Good but soft-headed, *June* 21.
Good riddance, *Jan.* 12.
Good work and success, *Nov.* 13.
Good young man, a, *Jan.* 30.
Grandee, a, *Jan.* 24.
Gratification of love and hate, *March* 9.
Greenhow Hill folk, *Sept.* 17.

Half-truth, a, *May* 22.
Hate and suspicion in childhood, *May* 18.
Health to the Queen, a, *Sept.* 14.
Heart hung on a hair-trigger, *Dec.* 22.
Heat in India, *June* 10.
Height of Society, *May* 26.
Hell of self-reproach, the, *Oct.* 15.
Homesickness, *March* 18.
How few care for pictures, *Dec.* 17.
How to win a woman, *Aug.* 27.
Human, despite spirituality, *March* 4.
Human touch in style, *March* 26.

Idealizing a worthless woman, *Feb.* 10.
Improvement of a success, *Aug.* 11.
Incapacity to feel, *March* 27.
India not a golden country, *May* 17.
Infallibility of women, *Jan.* 16.
Innocent countenance, *March* 20.
Insomnia, *May* 12.
Interest born of fear, *Nov.* 7.
Interest in men and women, *March* 14.
Inventors, *Jan.* 26.
Irish: good and bad varieties, *April* 5.
Irish race characterized, *May* 3.
Irish regiment, an, *May* 4.

Joy in life, *Jan.* 2.

Kiss, Dinah Shadd's first, *Sept.* 1.
Kiss, Judy's, *Sept.* 6.
Kiss, the first, *June* 5.
Kissing a cumulative poison, *Feb.* 12.
Knowability of India, *Aug.* 1.

Lack of charity, *April* 11.
Lamblike girl, a, *April* 21.
Laziness in painting, *Oct.* 6.
Liar, a, *April* 14.
Life in the Tropics, *May* 20.
Lispeth as a convert, *June* 3.
Littleness in character, *Dec.* 29.
Living by grace alone, *April* 10.
Local color, *March* 25.
Loneliness, *Sept.* 29.
Loneliness of mission life, *June* 25.
Loneliness of the dying, *Dec.* 18.
Look of one's lost innocence, *June* 6.
Love at first sight, *April* 27.
Love increased by sorrow, *July* 31.
Love knows no caste, *Feb.* 21.
Loveliness of a Hill girl, *June* 1.
Lovely but "impossible" woman, a, *Feb.* 18.
Lover's trials, a, *Oct.* 23.
Lying as a profession, *July* 1.
Lying proverb, a, *Oct.* 22.

Making light of our work, *May* 15.
Mamma's prayer, *Nov.* 20.
Man and viscount, *July* 16.
Man with an idea, a, *Jan.* 22.
Man's crying, a, *Sept.* 16.
Managing a fool, *Oct.* 26.
Managing a husband, *Oct.* 21.
Mark of the servant girl, the, *Aug.* 14.
Masterful little woman, a, *Oct.* 18.
Matrimonial department, a, *Feb.* 11.
Memories of old days, *April* 4.
Memories of past gayeties, *April* 23.
Men who apologize, *Aug.* 25.
Men who talk of themselves, *April* 30.
Men with confidences, *March* 2.
Mistakes, *Feb.* 24.
Misunderstood man, a, *Feb.* 27.
Muhammadan's education, a, *April* 16.
Mulvaney and Shakespeare, *July* 2, *July* 3.
Mulvaney on duty, *May* 6.
Mulvaney's epigram, *Aug.* 20.
Mulvaney's maxim, *April* 16.
Mulvaney's opinion of cleanliness, *May* 10.
Mulvaney's prayer, *July* 25.
Mulvaney's penance, *April* 2.
Mulvaney's youth, *April* 23, *July* 22, *July* 23.
Mysterious Night, *Oct.* 9.

Native States, *Oct.* 1.
Naughty but nice, *April* 24.
Newly married, *May* 5.
Night in India, a, *June* 28.
No man can save his brother, *Oct.* 16.
November in London, *Nov.* 22.

Of the shop shoppy, *Aug.* 2.
Only the free are bond, *July* 9.
Oratorio, an, *Nov.* 25.
Other side of Missions, the, *Dec.* 10.
Overwork, murderous idleness, *Nov.* 23.

Painting that lacks *raison d'être*, *Nov.* 8.
Payment for all we take, *July* 11.
Penalty for "devilmint," *July* 6.
Perennially young woman, a, *March* 22.
Piety in girls, *Nov.* 18.
Pink and white maidens, *Feb.* 19.
Platonic friendship, *March* 10.
Playing Providence, *March* 11.
Pleasures of eyesight, *Feb.* 9.
Policy, *Jan.* 19.
Politics of Loaferdom, the, *Sept.* 24.
Popular Chicago preacher, a, *June* 9.
Preaching habit, the, *Feb.* 7.
Prig, a, *March* 29.
Progress of Mulvaney's courtship, *Aug.* 22.
Protecting an idiot, *Oct.* 8.

"Rale gintleman," a, *May* 19.
Reaction that follows marriage, the, *June* 20.
Realization of pain, *Dec.* 9.
Regiment to be admired, a, *July* 12.
Religious opinions, *Jan.* 5.
Religious (?) training, a, *May* 7.
Rescue of a comrade, the, *June* 16.
Resolution, a, *Nov.* 16.
Respectability of chapel folk, *June* 7.
Responsibility and success, *Dec.* 6.
Rest after success, *April* 13.
Results of being left alone, *Nov.* 17.
Retreating to draw one on, *June* 29.
Riverside Geyser, *Oct.* 3.
Road to success, the, *Nov.* 27.
Roman Catholic Church, *March* 28.
Russian an Oriental, the, *June* 13.

Salon in India, a, *March* 7.
San Francisco society, *Sept.* 10.
Sarcasm, *March* 31.
Secretariat type, the, *Jan.* 25.
Self-conceit of a young man, *July* 8.
Self-confidence and dress, *March* 6.
Self-confidence of youth, the, *Nov.* 14.
Sense of humor, *March* 17.

Sense of irresponsibility, *Jan.* 11.
Sheltered life system, the, *Oct.* 11.
"Shlip av a girl," a, *Aug.* 15.
Sisters are women first, *Nov.* 5.
Smell of the Himalayas, *July* 15.
Solitude of the soul, *Oct.* 5.
Son of Mars, a, *Aug.* 5.
Songs of South and North, *May* 28.
Sorrow over a woman, *April* 7.
Stability of British Army, *April* 3.
Stern face, a, *Feb.* 4.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, *March* 30.
Suicide, *May* 12.
Suspicion a dangerous habit, *Dec.* 23.
Suspicion justified, *July* 17.
Suspiciousness of good people, *Dec.* 5.
Sweetest of all victories, *Sept.* 20.
Swimming, *Jan.* 17.
Sympathy from slanderers, *Aug.* 6.

Taking the conceit out of a fool. *Dec.* 14.
Thinking for and of one's self, *Dec.* 30.
"Thraipsin' wid married women," *Aug.* 19.
Thunder storm, a, *May* 29.
Tobacco a gift of God, *March* 12.
Too much zeal, *March* 16.
Tract, a, *Jan.* 10.
Tricky man, a, *May* 25.
Twenty years married, *Feb.* 28.
Two troubled women, *Nov.* 26.

Ugly, but rich, *Dec.* 20.
Unrequited attachment, value of, *March* 19.
Unutterable reproach, *July* 12.
Use of eyes, a woman's, *March* 15.

War correspondents, *July* 29.
"Watch the hand," *Oct.* 31.
Way of a man, the, *Oct.* 29.
What fame really is, *Nov.* 2.
What the world is really like, *May* 21.
Why she fell in love, *Oct.* 30.
Wife's hatred, a, *Aug.* 3.
Winning of Dinah, the, *Sept.* 1.
Winning woman's favor, *Nov.* 3.
Winter picture, a, *Nov.* 30.
Woman, a remarkable, *Jan.* 21.
Woman cannot forget, a, *May* 16.
Woman who became an institution, a, *March* 5.
Woman's art, *Sept.* 18.
Woman's attraction, a, *Sept.* 13.
Woman's blindness, *July* 20.
Woman's counsel, a, *Oct.* 12.
Woman's guess, a, *June* 26.
Woman's influence on man's work, *Dec.* 3.
Woman's knowledge of boys, a, *Dec.* 19.
Woman's memory, a, *Nov.* 1.
Woman's perfect happiness, a, *Dec.* 1.
Woman's suffrage, *Aug.* 7.
Women are alike, *April* 25.
Women appreciate devotion, *Jan.* 31.
Women who don't die easily, *Aug.* 24.
Women's ignorance of their sex, *March* 1.
Women's nursing, *Nov.* 9.
Wooing of girls, *March* 23.
Worry of housekeeping, *Jan.* 3.

Younger generation, the, *Jan.* 9.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

823.89
K57t
82995
Kipling, Rudyard
AUTHOR
Thro' the Year With
TITLE
Kipling
Kipling 82995

823.89 K57t
Kipling, Rudyard,
the year with Kipling